McKean County Miner.

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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLIV

SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1907.

NO. 50

REGULAR TERM CRIMINAL COURT NOW IN SESSION

Attendance Large and Several Interesting Cases on Trial.

FINDINGS OF THE GRAND JURY

H. R. Hilton of Port Allegany is Foreman of the Grand Jury—General Proceedings of the Week.

The regular term of quarter sessions court convened Monday, with Judge Joseph W. Bouton on the bench. The attendance was unusally large for the opening day of the session. H. R. Hilton of Port Allegany was appointed foreman of the grand jury. The constables made their returns and the usual routine business was disposed of.

Nol pros was granted in cases against A. Roberts, Sam Ristore, John Banks and John Herzog, and Charles Wiley.

The divorces of Cora Smith vs Charles Smith and William J. Saulsbaugh vs Mary E. Saulsbaugh were granted.

An indictment against Peter Cannon on a surety of the peace charge was quashed. Cannon pleaded guilty to a charge of assault and battery and was sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and costs of prosecution.

Charles Nellis, a nitro-glycerine shooter of Bradford, pleaded guilty to the charge of stealing a chair from in front of the St. James hotel in that city. He was in hard luck and needed the money he obtained by selling the chair to a second hand furniture dealer.

In the cases of John Rothrock and Isaac Masten motions to quash the indictments were granted.

City Solicitor Schoonmaker of Bradford asked the court to annul such action as had been taken in regard to annexing a portion of Bradford township to the city. The request was granted.

True bills were found by the grand jury in four counts against Patsey Palomba for felonious assault, attempt to kill, etc. A true bill was returned in the case of C. E. Fitzpatrick charged with assault and battery. Not a true bill was the decision in a case against M. Binney and the costs were placed up on the prosecution.

In the case of R. M. Fowler, continued from last term, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, the defendant to pay one-half the costs and the prosecutrix, Edna Smith, to pay the other half.

Otis Patch of Kane pleaded guilty to the charge of fornication.

H. Tucker of Hazelhurst was found guilty of indecent exposure.

Patsy Palumbo, the young Italian who shot Roy Fink during a fight at the Bradford silk mill about two months ago, was found guilty on the third count in the indictment, charging felonious assault. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $50, costs of prosecution and to undergo imprisonment in the county jail for nine months.

E. C. Fitzpatrick's case was continued to next term. He gave bail for his appearance.

The grand jury returned true bills against Roy Fink, Mike Costello, Floyd Wolcott and James Quirk. In the case of Charles Osborne not a true bill was returned. The grand jury was discharged yesterday, having completed its labors.

Floyd Wolcott was found guilty of assault and battery and sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and costs of prosecution.

Duane Ward was brought into court this morning but as several witnesses were not present the case was not called. He is charged with burglary.

An Appeal to Delinquents.

During the past four weeks we have sent out bills for subscription to the MINER to nearly five hundred of our subscribers, amounting to considerably over one thousand dollars. We have received remittances from about fifteen per cent. of these and we wish to sincerely thank those who have responded so promptly.

Those who have not sent in their remittance should do so at once. We do not wish to crowd any of our subscribers, but owing to our making necessary improvements in this office and the unusually high cost of material and labor we must keep up our collections, therefore, we again urge those who are indebted to this office to make payment without delay.

Hoping that this appeal will not be in vain and at this time when all should strive to make others happy you will not deny us, we are yours to serve.

THE MINER.

They are peaches! What? The mufflers, ties, gloves, umbrellas and suit cases which Monheimer shows. See them before buying elsewhere.

My stock of Christmas goods are ready for your inspection. Call and see them. Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

Everything in toys for Christmas at Mrs. Mary L. Bisett's City Store.

Death of Mrs. Margaret Amend.

Died at his home in Clermont last Friday after a short illness, Mrs. Margaret Amend, wife of Bernard Amend, at the age of 77 years.

Mrs. Amend was a lady highly respected in the community where she resided and one whose death causes sincere sadness not alone to her relatives and close friends, but among the many who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She was a native of Germany and came to America when about 20 years of age. She was married to Bernard Amend in New York City and not long afterward they located in Clermont, where they have resided for nearly fifty years. Aside from the husband, six children survive to mourn the loss of this lovable woman, three sons—John of Wilcox; Jacob and Martin of Clermont, and three daughters—Mrs. Emmett Burdick of Pittsburg, Mrs. C. J. Maloney of Punxsutawney and Mrs. J. S. McCarthy of Smethport. William Hafner of Smethport is a brother of the deceased and several other brothers and sisters survive her.

The funeral was held at Clermont Tuesday and was largely attended.

Good Chestnut Country.

Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., is interested in chestnut culture and is sanguine that thousands of dollars could annually be made in McKean county off chestnuts, by grafting native trees with scions of a tree bearing an improved fruit, and by setting out new trees of that kind, says the Bradford Record. The new nut is known as the "Paragon" chesnut, and is about four times the size of the native chestnut and fully as good in quality, and much superior to the imported chestnuts of Italy, France and Japan. Mr. Emery has already set out a large number of trees and is taking an active interest in the development of the idea elsewhere. As to the success of the venture he cites C. K. Sober of Lewisburg, who sold 2,000 bushels of "Paragon" chestnuts this fall at $7 per bushel. Mr. Sober has been in the business some years and has blazed a trail which others may follow with much less labor than it took him to make it. A pamphlet on "Chestnut Culture" is issued by the State. McKean county land is especially adaptable to raising "Paragon" chestnuts.

Shooting Accident at Coudersport.

James Kittelle accidentally shot himself at his home about 10 o'clock Tuesday morning and in all probability the wound will prove fatal.

He had been out hunting and returned to his home. He went to stand his gun up in a corner when the trigger caught on a cupboard standing very close and the weapon discharged. The charge entered the side of Kittelle's head and ploughed through the cranium and brain tissue, tearing a piece out of the skull nearly two inches wide and three inches long. Doctors R. B. Knight and F. C. Gorham were called and dressed the injury as best they could. Fully two tablespoonful of the brain tissue had to be removed. It is the opinion of the surgeons that the recovery of Kittle is exceedingly doubtful as the injury is a decidedly serious one.—Coudersport Enterprise.

Later reports say that Kittelle is still alive, showing wonderful vitality, although chances for his recovery are almost hopeless.

Chapter of Accidents.

Mandus Stranburg, who is employed upon N. W. Heinemann's railroad in Norwich township had one of his thumbs quite badly crushed while engaged at his work a few days ago. The member was caught between the bumpers of two cars.

Harry Ring of Crosby suffered a fall in the vicinity of the Pennsylvania station at East Smethport last Friday and as a result is suffering with a broken nose.

Another victim of a fall was John Walker of East Smethport, who on Saturday last, cut a bad gash in his wrist.

The victims are under the care of Dr. Hamilton, who dressed their wounds, and all are getting along nicely.

Notice to Team Owners.

Teams wanted to haul wood by the day or cord. Steady from now until spring. Good contracts given to responsible parties.

B. F. HAZELTON CO.

For particulars write or call on H. E. LINDQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Mollie E. Pierce, received on Tuesday, some "swell" pieces of Hand Painted China. Don't forget this when doing Xmas shopping. Everybody welcome.

Hosiery, with a six month's guarantee, for men and women, make a suitable Xmas present. Monheimer sells and guarantees them against holes.

For Sale.

The house and lot at the corner of Green and Union streets. Apply to F. A. McCoy. 46-tf

Combination sets of Suspenders, Garters, Sleeveholders, 3 in a box, at Monheimer's.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

For rent—Desirable flat. For particulars call at H. W. Rubin's store.

"Druggist" Cigars everywhere.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOLIDAY SHOPPERS

Read the MINER Advertisements and Solve the Present Problem.

DISPLAY OF CHRISTMAS GOODS

More Extensive than Ever Before. See What the Many Merchants Have to Offer Their Patrons.

The holiday shopping season from now until Christmas will be at its busiest. Never before have the people of Smethport had such an elegant assortment of goods of all descriptions displayed for their benefit. If you cannot do your holiday shopping in town you are certainly hard to suit—prices are low this year and the great variety of articles on sale would do credit to a town five times the size of Smethport. Follow the MINER advertisers and you will be satisfied and happy. Glance over this array of business places and see if it will not help you in making your Christmas purchases.

L. K. Hogarth, aside from being well equipped in the usual drug store line, sells fancy articles of many kinds, hand painted china, etc. He also conducts an ice cream factory and is ready to fill your orders for anything in frozen deliciousness.

M. L. Armstrong's jewelry store, one of the oldest business establishments in Smethport, is on deck as usual with a stock of watches, clocks, rings and jewelry of all kinds.

Charles Lemmler, aside from a complete line of horse furnishing goods, has trunks, suit cases, grips and various other leather articles suitable for Christmas presents.

R. C. Gleason, photographer, can fill your order for anything in the picture line, as well as having a complete stock of photographic supplies.

George H. Denning has everything desirable in the way of poultry, meats, etc.

A. E. Foster & Co. can suit you in choice family groceries for Christmas time or any time.

J. C. Hamlin's big hardware store has many varieties of goods to select from. Here can be found the beautiful rich cut glass articles manufactured at the Smethport factory.

Wm. Monheimer has a big stock of clothing, hats, gentlemen's furnishing goods, etc., that cannot fail to contain articles that would make acceptable Christmas gifts.

If you are not going to spend all your money for Christmas presents the Hamlin Bank & Trust company will take care of whatever you have left in a manner to your advantage.

J. Colegrove has a large store full of choice groceries that will go a long way in solving the Christmas dinner problem.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett's stock of novelties is large. Dolls and toys for the children.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman has a nice assortment of ladies' furnishings and winter millinery.

Fry & Comes are at the front as usual with an elaborate Christmas display. Their toy department is remarkably well stocked and is an interesting place to visit.

Carrie Reilly Clark is showing artistic and seasonable millinery.

C. A. Burdick's store will interest the music lovers with its display of instruments—from a piano to a jews harp.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has a well equipped drug store and also sells graphophones and records as well as other articles that would make elegant gifts.

Kerr's jewelry store has a grand collection of beautiful gifts. A pleasing display of diamonds is made at this store.

Anderson & Carlson have all that you can desire in footwear. A pair of well-fitting shoes makes an acceptable present.

J. F. Rooney's meat market can go a long way in filling the wants of the culinary department.

W. H. Hungerford can supply you with holiday wines, beers or liquors.

D. C. Young is selling out his stock—swell chance to get a nice present at a low price.

Specht & Sasse, the reliable furniture dealers, have much to offer in their various lines at prices that are right.

The Lindholm Co.'s store is busy at this season. This big establishment has presents galore and you will be sure to see "just what you want" when you make it a visit.

The grocery story of Hagberg & Sherburne is well stocked with groceries for the holiday trade.

H. C. Wells has a tempting display of fancy articles of many forms and materials aside from his regular drug store stock.

Daly & Garlick have a mammoth stock of goods at their big hardware store. Dishes in almost every kind of ware is one of their specialties.

D. M. Brasted can look after many of the details in your Christmas celebration. Complete bakery stock, as well as delicious confectionery, fresh nuts, etc.

Holmes & Gilfillan, holidays and all other days carry a complete stock of building material.

Curt Witherow, the photographer, can furnish you with satisfactory pictures to give your friends at Christmas time.

At F. A. Green's grist mill the quality of feed and flour is always of the best and you are sure of receiving the worth of your money.

Alfred Sturdevant sells delicious fresh roasted peanuts, as well as confectionery and nuts of all kinds.

McCoy's drug store shows an interesting assortment of the latest books; fancy articles and novelties of various kinds.

H. W. Rubin's clothing and shoe stores are prepared for a big Christmas trade and have much that will interest you.

E. W. Strong's line of plumbing supplies is complete all the year around.

Andrews & Boull will attend to your wants promptly and satisfactorily in the way of furnishing fresh groceries of all kinds.

This is a good time of year to start a bank account and the Grange National Bank a good place to deposit it.

If you do some of your trading out of town remember that Ike Simons of Bradford has a celebrated stock of fine clothing.

E. E. Ellison of Bradford has interesting offers to make in musical instruments.

Lane's jewelry store, Bradford, can furnish beautiful and valuable gifts.

Bell Bros. of Olean have a mammoth dry goods store and make interesting offers to holiday shoppers.

Basket Ball Game.

The opening basket ball game of the season is to be played on Friday night between teams representing Kane High School and Smethport High School. The local boys have been practicing faithfully for the last three weeks and are playing a very creditable game. The team from Kane has already been certified to by the Kane principal as being bonafide and composed of pupils in regular attendance so that the public may be assured of a good clean game. One of the greatest problems in connection with school work is to keep the boys in school. Athletics are a powerful factor in bringing this about. For this reason the patrons of the school ought to support the boys and attend their games. The line-up for Friday night is as follows:

Kane		Smethport
Walter Cox	f.	Ed Glavin
Raymond Pierotti	f.	Scott McClure
Harry Over	c.	J. McGowan
Joe DeYoung	g.	Claude Lyons
		Fred. Specht
Leroy Peterson	g.	John Sherburne

At 8 o'clock the midget teams will play a preliminary game. The "big game" will begin at 8:30. Admission to both games 25 cents.

Prices are Lower.

Port Allegany Reporter: Last week the Reporter said that lumber had dropped nine dollars per thousand feet. The lumber dealers in Port Allegany informed you that the Reporter wasn't reliable authority. If you are out for lumber don't let them fool you by any such sort of bluff. Associate dispatches quote lumber lower to-day than at any time since 1903. The big North Carolina lumber mills are all closed. The big Michigan lumber mills are closed because of the very low price lumber is bringing and the high price of labor. In the South more than a hundred thousand lumber workers are out of a job. Hardly a commodity but that the price is going down, meat, feed, cotton everything. Of course sub-dealers throughout the country are caught with goods on hand at the old prices, but for all that, its their loss and no funeral of yours.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS.

Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

Call at Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store and see the great assortment of elegant and artistic hats which she is showing for the fall and winter season. The establishment is up-to-the-instant in styles. Call and be suited. 45tf

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

Mrs. Bisett's City Store shows the latest things in Christmas gifts for ladies, Misses and children.

No jewelry store has a larger line of watch fobs, cuff buttons and scarf pins than Monheimer shows.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Quality Cigar, "Druggist" Straight 5.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happenings in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Arnold-Doyle.—At Smethport, Pa., on Nov. 1st, 1887, by P. Ford, Esq., Curtis J. Arnold to Rose May Doyle, both of Mt. Jewett.

Died at her residence in this borough, on Tuesday, Nov. 1st, 1887, at 2 o'clock a. m., Mrs. Jeanette J., wife of M. L. Armstrong, Esq., aged 37 years. Mrs. Armstrong was the daughter of William and Cynthia Ripley, who about fifty years ago settled on the farm in Keating township, which they continued to occupy until something over two years ago when they moved to this borough. Mr. Ripley died in June 1886. Mrs. Armstrong was born and grew to womanhood on the old homestead. In 1881 she was married to our well known citizen, M. L. Armstrong, Esq. The result of that union is two children, a boy of 4 and a little girl of 2 years of age. She was attacked with catarrhal inflammation of the stomach, which finally developed into typhoid fever. Up to the last hours of her illness her friends had hopes of her recovery. As death approached she seemed to realize her condition and was entirely resigned to it. At her request brief funeral services were held at the house which were conducted by Rev. Chandler of the M. E. church. The pall-bearers were members of the K. O. T. M. and the Smethport Hose company (of which organizations Mr. Armstrong is a member) followed the remains to the grave in a body. The funeral was largely attended by the citizens of Smethport and vicinity and Mr. Armstrong and his little ones have the sincere sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

Mr. Ervin M. Kerns and Miss Mary Louise Mason, daughter of L. W. Mason, Esq., were united in marriage at the residence of her father in this borough, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 2, 1887, at 8:30 o'clock, by the Rev. J. H. McCandless. There were a large number of invited guests present to witness the tying of the nuptial knot. The charming bride was attired in a cream-colored cashmere which was trimmed with cream-colored satin and natural roses, and was given away by her father. The happy couple were the recipients of the following presents: $200 from Mr. Mason, the bride's father; a cherry bedroom set from the following personal friends of the groom: George Brownell, William Specht, Hugh Brawley, Fred Brownell, W. P. Walsh, F. O. Wright, F. C. Sartwell, F. R. Foster, S. E. Townsend and F. E. Brooks; cherry table, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright; plush toilet set, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Greer; vase and plush broom holder, Dr. and Mrs. F. O. Pierce; half-dozen silver knives, Mrs. M. A. Sprague; half-dozen silver knives, Mrs. S. C. Hyde, Emporium; beautiful bible, Hon. A. B. Armstrong; an alligator writing desk, Mrs. Robert King and daughter, Lallie; silver tooth pick holder, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Mason, DesMoines Iowa; table scarf, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Emporium; silver pickle castor, Mr. and Mrs. R. Sartwell; rocking chair, Mr. and Mrs. F. Kerns; damask towel, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Richmond; two pair sheets, Mrs. A. B. Armstrong; damask towel, Mrs. Crandall; linen table cloth, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hogarth, Port Allegany; one pair pillow slips, Mrs. D. R. Bennett; one pair towels, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Smith, Tioga; one silver shoe buttoner, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Ingram, Canton; one pair sheets, Miss Ida Bennett; one pair towels, Miss Bertha Kerns; one sachet bag, Miss Addie Brownell; embroidered fire screen, Miss Ella Wright; embroidered tray cloth, Miss Rena Richmond; oil painting, Miss Clara Hoffman; silver candle-holder, Miss Ethel Armstrong; hand-painted banner, Miss Lena Wright; one pair pillow shams, Miss Cora Mason.

Mr. Arnold Southwick died at his residence in Keating township, on Monday, November 7th, 1887, aged 85 years, 5 months and 5 days. Mr. Southwick was one of the earliest settlers of the Potato creek valley. He was born in Norwich, Chenango county, N. Y., on June 3, 1802. His father moved his family to this place in 1817. At that time they were the only inhabitants of Smethport and there were no settlers between this place and Port Allegany. There were no roads leading from here in those days, and the settlers traveled from one point to another through the wilderness on trails and with blazed trees as their guides. The nearest mill was at Ceres, N. Y., and from this point the settlers would carry their grist to that place on horseback, going one day and returning the next. All the wheat flour they had was brought from Cincinnati or Pittsburg by canoes. They lived principally on venison, corn bread, wild honey, etc. When his father moved to this county his family consisted of himself, wife, six sons and one daughter. Arnold was the youngest of the family and was the last to die. He was married in 1838 to Sally Young, who survives him. The result of this union was three sons—Philetus, who was killed in the war of the rebellion; Samuel, who is now living on the old farm, and John, who died some years ago. On the 21st of May last, Mr. Southwick had a stroke of paralysis from which he never recovered. He was a man of strict integrity and a sincere Christian. He was converted in 1837 and for many years he was in the habit of preaching the gospel whenever called upon. The funeral services were held in the Farmers Valley church on Wednesday morning and were largely attended by the citizens of this vicinity. The family desire us to extend their sincere thanks to the community at large for their kindness.

Verdict for Emery.

The jury in the libel case of L. Emery Jr., of Bradford, against the Lebanon News has been disposed of, so far as the county court is concerned. It will probably go to a higher tribunal. The jury rendered a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, but cut down the damages from $1,000 to $500 Judge Ehrgood instructed the jury last evening to find a verdict against the defendant, the amount of the damages only to be determined by the jurors. A sealed verdict was returned soon after the adjournment of court. This morning the verdict was announced and is considered important owing to the large number of similar actions brought by Emery against State newspapers.

As is well known, the articles on which these cases are based were published during the Gubernatorial campaign in 1906. The Republican State committee's publicity bureau sent out plate matter for the use in Republican papers. Some of the plate referred to Emery in a manner which he, at the time, resented very strongly. After the election had become a matter of history, Emery's lawyers were instructed to prosecute a number of papers on charges of libel and the Lebanon action is the first of a series to be tried in the State courts.—Bradford Star.

Fraternity Money Taxable.

According to reports emanating from Harrisburg the State of Pennsylvania has at least one source of considerable revenue of which it has never availed itself, only to a very limited degree. The untaxed taxable exists in nearly every county in the shape of invested funds in fraternal organizations that pay benefits and distribute charities to their members only. An opinion given by the auditor general's department to the York county commissioners Wednesday regarding the taxation of invested funds of fraternal and kindred organizations, will have the effect of increasing the revenue of many counties of the state, when it becomes widely known. Few of the county commissioners of Pennsylvania apparently are aware of the fact that the law requires assessors to return to county commissioners the moneys held by lodges of all kinds not purely beneficial, which are earning interest.

Caught Eels on Sunday.

A Bradford fisherman is in receipt of a letter from State Game Warden J. E. Conklin of this city, now located at Jersey Shore, enclosing a newspaper clipping from Wellsboro, stating J. H. Burton, of Blackwells, Tioga county, gained great notoriety as a successful fisherman by setting eel racks in Pine creek last month and catching 1,800 eels, weighing from two to five pounds each, in a single night. This catch met with ready sale at twenty cents a pound. Sunday, J. E. Conklin of Bradford, McKean county, a state warden for this district, had Mr. Barton arrested, claiming that the racks were used on Sunday and therefore illegally. Burton was arrested and arraigned before a local justice and fined $25 and costs. Mr. Conklin has had convictions for violations of the fish and game laws in Potter, Clinton, Cameron, Clearfield, Center, Lycoming and Tioga counties.—Bradford Star.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership existing between E. W. Workley and Chas. McVane in the draying business this day, Nov. 26, 1907, has been dissolved by mutual consent and that the business will hereafter be conducted by Chas. McVane. 48 3t

Stockholders' Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Odd Fellows' Hall Association will be held in their hall in Smethport on Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 2:00 p. m., when the usual business will be transacted.

H. W. RUBIN, Secretary.

For Sale.

Team of work horses, wagon and harness, all in first class condition, will be sold cheap for cash.

Isaac N. Miller, Smethport Pa.
49 2 R. F. D. No. 3.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—don't forget the name, and accept no substitute. Get DeWitt's. It's good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

I have some sidewalk lumber, also some 3x12 and 2x12 18 and 20 foot long for sale cheap. James Quirk.

The correct Christmas present for a lady or girl can be found at Mrs. Mary L. Bisett's City Store.

A quantity of hay for sale. Apply to Mrs. Caroline Washburn, Smethport, Penna. 49 2

See Mrs. A. E. Hinman's display of holiday goods.

Fun For the Staff.

By WILL S GIDLEY.

(Copyright 1907 by Will S Gidley)

ON that day the Argus staff had had an unusually trying time of it To begin with the press dispatches had consisted chiefly of Russian war news which had been pouring in steadily all day filled with an unusual and most discouraging quantity of unpronounceable and unspellable names that is, to any one except an expert in Russian and Asiatic nomenclature To an ordinary editor, proofreader or typesetter they were simply so many jagged mountain chains of consonants with an occasional vowel thrown in for good measure To cap the climax one of the hand set columns got knocked into pi just as the paper was about ready for the press which made a great improvement in the spelling of some of the names but ruined the article in other respects, so that it was necessary to reset it which was done putting all hands on the work and rushing it through at race horse speed in order not to delay the edition more than could be helped

The result was well the Argus got out about on time but as managing editor of the paper Barney Blake had no reason to feel proud of that particular column of war news as it appeared in print Some of it was still pi but it came out all right in the second edition as [illegible] the third and fourth [illegible] personally as [illegible] Colonel Starbuck the proprietor of the Daily Argus in some time during the afternoon and knowing him to be of an excitable temperament the colonel often swore the Argus with its blunders would be the death of him he did not care particularly to have him see that dispatch as originally printed

The colonel failed to show up at the usual hour however and Barney was rather glad than otherwise that he didn't

What he needed in fact what the entire Argus staff needed just then was a little wholesome recreation in stead of an interview with a lecture from Colonel Starbuck—something to take off the tension instead of screwing it up tighter

It [illegible] when [illegible] came in unexpected quarters [illegible] fun presented itself Barney joyfully and eagerly [illegible] upon it and made the most of it

[illegible] in question came in the [illegible] of the oldest [illegible] drifted into the Argus [illegible]

'RECKON YOU MUST BE TH—SASSIETY EDITOR'

perched on the [illegible] of his head [illegible] size him up for a hayseed [illegible] laugh [illegible] first [illegible] one of the country [illegible] in a [illegible] to look over the Argus establishment and see the modus operandi of getting out a daily newspaper

'Hello Uncle Horace Looking for any one in particular?' saluted Blake as the man with the toga and out of date [illegible] the door [illegible] glanced inquiringly around the room

'How did you happen to light on to my cognomen before I even opened my trapdoor?' queried the caller whimsically 'I always heard the Argus had a mighty smart staff, and now I know it Reckon you must be the—er—sassiety editor eh?'

'No I'm only the managing editor' explained Barney 'The society editor is the chap in the corner with the chrysanthemum hair and a rose in his buttonhole You will also recognize him by the diamond ring that flashes on his 'write' hand as he dashes off his eloquent and sparkling society bonmots and his fascinating descriptions of Mrs Brown's colonial ball Mrs O'Rafferty's French fete Mrs Robinson's Italian musicale or Mrs John Q Smith's Japanese lawn party Oh he's a genius—our society editor'

"You don't say!

"Yes The paper simply couldn't exist without him'

"That so? Queer Colonel Starbuck never told me anything about him" mused the caller

'Oh you know the colonel do you?' asked Blake

'Yes we're what I might call slightly acquainted I had a little business transaction with him the other day'

'Sold you a gold brick, I suppose' and Barney winked humorously at the rest of the staff

'Don't know yet whether it will turn out to be a gold brick or not Reckon I shan't worry any if it does. I've invested in gold bricks before, and the way I figure it it's nobody's business but my own if I do it again'

"Oh I see' said Barney smoothly A trifle touchy on the gold brick question eh Mr—er—Hayseed is it?'

'Not quite Hayden happens to be my name, didn't make quite as slick a guess as you did on the Horace But go ahead and call me Hayseed if you like You can remember that name better than Hayden probably and I guess it fits me about as well as the other anyhow Don't it strike you that way?'

'Oh no you're no hayseed! You're right from Chicago or New York city—anybody could tell that from the cut of your jib' And Barney again passed the wink to the others who all felt in duty bound to roar at the managing editor's wit

'Nice genial staff you've got Chuck full of fun ain't they? I hope they're not laughing at me Haint got a Please Kick Me sign pinned to my back have I?'

'That's all right Uncle Horace' [illegible] Barney 'Don't go to getting excited The boys are just spoiling for a little fun—been working under strong pressure today—but none of them would ever be guilty of er—by George they have just the same! But it don't read Please Kick Me It says We're [illegible] Farm ' And if I only knew the deep dyed villain who pinned it on you I'd discharge him this instant—yes sir this very instant—and I'd tell him not to come around again until [illegible] tomorrow morning' he added in a stage whisper as he stepped around behind the rural looking visitor and removed the offending sign deftly replacing it by another handed him by one of the crowd reading 'Turnips For Sale'

'There, that looks better' observed Barney at which everybody roared promptly once more

'Not quite so much levity boys' said Barney reprovingly 'I am going to show our friend here through the Argus establishment, and I want to see how well you can behave while—Biff!'

A big wad of paper came sailing across the office and caromed on the ear of the caller

'That was our baseball editor who did that' explained Barney coolly 'Force of habit I suppose He probably imagined he was throwing a ball at first base Don't let that happen again Higgins'

All right sir' glibly responded the young man who had thrown the [illegible] 'Mistake anyhow I was aiming at the wastebasket'

'Well seeing you've apologized it is all right' said Barney with mock solemnity

"Now Mr Hayseed—I should say Hayden You have already been introduced to our baseball and society editors and if you will cast your [illegible] over the rest of the collection of [illegible] I will enlighten you as to their [illegible] so that when you [illegible] you will understand the secret of the Argus success in gathering and disseminating the daily news of the entire world including the city and county of Boomopolis

The exceedingly tall thin young man with the short hair and prominent ears is Mr Perkins our secret service reporter and war correspondent His build as you will notice fits him admirably for the position He is so thin he can crawl over a transom without the slightest difficulty"

You don't say!'

Fact, I assure you And that is why a thin man has a marked advantage over a 200 pounder It requires less gas to carry him and if he falls from a balloon it doesn't muss him up so much as it would a fat man thereby effecting a big saving in doctors bills for repairing broken ribs etc"

"I see Quite an idea that'

"Yes and besides a thin man occupies less space and leaves more room in the basket of the balloon for the wireless message apparatus You see as fast as the war correspondent in a balloon gets a message ready to send in to the paper he grinds it out on a wireless sending machine something like a phonograph and it goes flying off into space until it strikes the Aerial Wireless Telegraph line over which it whizzes through the air with almost lightning speed until it reaches the Argus office It would do you good to see our office boy catching the messages in a wire basket as they come flying in at the window

'Well well!

'Oh, I tell you there is a pile to learn about the newspaper business when a fellow once gets about it Now I rather imagine you've learned a few things in that line today Mr Hayseed —I mean Hayden—that you never knew before

I reckon I have picked up just a few stray hints about the newspaper business ' drawled the man in the linen duster and then he suddenly straightened up and the awkward countryman of a moment before was transformed into something quite different as he went on in crisp business like tones ' Exceedingly valuable ones too, most of them Now, seeing I have been running a newspaper myself for the past fifteen years, I had a glimmering sort of an idea when I drifted in here today that possibly I knew something about the business, but I find I was mistaken I'm only a jibbering idiot in the newspaper business from the Argus standpoint, and having bought the paper I've got to start in at the bottom and learn the trade all over again from its highly accomplished and courteous staff Good joke on me Mr. Blake, isn't it?'

Barney—not to mention the rest of the Argus staff—looked as if it would be a great relief to him at that moment if the earth were to open and swallow up the entire establishment.

"W-why—er—who—who are you?" he stammered uneasily

"I—oh I'm nobody much. I'm only Un[illegible] the old [illegible] that dropped in on you a few minutes ago to take lessons in journalism and the art of entertaining callers But here comes Colonel Starbuck Perhaps he can [illegible] He [illegible] colonel A little late in keeping your appointment [illegible]

WHY, HOW DO YOU DO MAJOR? EXCLAIMED THE COLONEL

Why how do you do major exclaimed Colonel Starbuck cordially 'I am sorry I've kept you waiting, but it has given you a chance to learn something about the Argus establishment and the staff'

'Yes It has' interposed the caller dryly

Pretty bright looking crowd, major aren't they Boys this is Major Hayden, the former owner and editor of the Centerville Courier He has bought out my interests in the Argus taking possession at once and I trust the new relationship between you as employer and—

Hello! What has been going on here? What is that sign you are carrying around on your back major? Here let me remove it Turnips For Sale eh? I surely hope that miserable attempt at wit was not placed on your back by any one connected with this establishment

"I am afraid it was colonel" was the calm reply 'You see the boys mistook me for one of your rural subscribers, and they have been having some amusement at my expense But I see they are pretty well worked up over it so perhaps we had better finish our interview in your private office and give our humorous friends a chance to think the matter over quietly by themselves

Half an hour later when the new proprietor of the Argus emerged from the inner sanctum he found a rather serious looking crowd awaiting his reappearance and Barney Blake [illegible] while smiling countenance was the most [illegible] solemn of the [illegible] as he [illegible] handed him a folded document

Opening it Mr Hayden read as follows

Major Hayden:
Dear Sir—[illegible] It is now your turn As the [illegible] proprietor of the Daily Argus you doubtless will not care to retain in your employ the staff of long eared [illegible] who [illegible] looked, and we herewith hand you our resignations to take effect immediately together with our apologies for the unpardonable treatment received by you at our hands this afternoon

This note was signed by Managing Editor Blake and the other members of the Argus staff and below the signatures was the following postscript

P S—The boys were bound to share the blame equally with myself and hand in their resignations with mine but as I am the head of the office and the others took their cue from me I feel that I alone should shoulder the responsibility for what occurred and as an act of justice to my fellow employees I ask that my resignation alone be accepted and that no one else shall be made to suffer for my fault The rest of the boys are a pretty good lot They will serve you faithfull and redeem themselves in your eyes I am sure if you will give them a chance Yours respectfully

BARNEY BLAKE

"Resignations declined with thanks You are all going to stick right to your jobs until I tell you different' announced Major Hayden bluntly as he finished reading the above communication and tearing it into strips dropped it into the wastebasket 'You've had your lesson boys and I guess there isn't much danger of any more such exhibitions as we have had here this afternoon I'm willing to try you anyhow

But I'm glad you added that postscript Mr Blake" he concluded reaching over and giving Barney's hand a hearty shake "It has a manly ring to it, and I reckon we'll get along together all right"

Had Heard It Before

She looks very young to have a grown daughter'

Yes she was just telling me —

I know That she was married when she was just barely fifteen years old —Pittsburg Post

Those who are compelled by us hate us as if despoiled of something while those who are persuaded by us love us as if they had received a favor—Xenophon's 'Anabasis"

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Hestor Wanted A Big Turkey

"THE president is going to have a twenty-five pound bird for his dinner" mused Sam Hestor on his uncertain way to his home in Floyd street, Cleveland on the eve of Thanksgiving last year "What's the matter with Sam Hestor having a big bird?"

About this time he was passing the zoo In the large inclosure was the pet ostrich Charley Hestor got his eye on Charley, and visions of a Thanksgiving feast of which Floyd street would talk for years came into his mind

A few minutes later a policeman discovered Hestor chasing the ostrich around the pen At times he got a few plumes and sometimes he narrowly escaped a knockout blow as Charley lifted his feet By the time the policeman reached him Hestor had the whole zoo aroused and screaming

CHASING THE OSTRICH AROUND THE PEN

'Biggest turkey I ever saw' said Hestor when he was arrested 'Still some of those big birds ain't tender. Won one at a raffle once and we had to stew him in a wash boiler to get him fit to eat'

The charge of trying to steal the pet of the Cleveland zoo was not pressed and he was allowed to go home and fall to on a real bird

DIED GIVING THANKS.

Father Fell From Chair While Recounting Family's Blessings

George Douglas Keen an accountant employed by the Bush Terminal company, sat down to his Thanksgiving dinner at his home [illegible] Twenty eighth street [illegible] Thanksgiving day Before him was a large turkey and seated about the table were his wife Anna and his three children—Douglas eight years old, Alva five and Gordon three

Great preparations had been made for the dinner and Mr Keen felt satisfied with the outlook across the table It was a holiday The wind outside was cold and the warmth inside was all the more genial

"Well, I guess we have a little something to be thankful for Mrs Keen," said the head of the house

He helped his wife, his children and then himself. Then he sat down and put a piece of turkey in his mouth

"Yes" he went on I guess taking everything altogether, we have'—

Then he fell out of his chair dead The doctor said it was heart disease

Italy's Thanksgiving Day

A vintage festival is about the nearest thing the people of Italy have to a Thanksgiving day, but the two things are the same in spirit if very different in detail At these festivals a primitive interchange of labor takes place Everybody helps everybody No wage is given This man's vines facing full south are forward another man's vines are backward From all the hillsides around the peasants flock to each vineyard as needed Occasionally an Italian will do a lot of work in a day But he will not hurry He is making love meanwhile to the girl who works with him

A Polar Thanksgiving

Robert E Peary U S N contemplating the coming joys of Thanksgiving fixings ' was moved to tell of the way he spent the same day two years ago

'We were then within less than 500 miles of the pole and of course the usual arctic weather prevailed he said 'No, we had no turkey for our dinner that day but we made out very well with a roast of musk ox and some canned plum pudding which we took along on the Roosevelt for just such occasions That comprised the total of our menu"

Five Years Without Thanksgiving

During the Revolution Thanksgiving day was held by most of the states every year, but after a general thanksgiving for peace in 1784 five years elapsed before President Washington proclaimed a day of thanksgiving for the adoption of the constitution

No need to fear coughs and colds this year as you can obtain Bees Laxative Cough Syrup now from your dealer This is good news to mothers who fear croup and whooping cough It is a gentle laxative that expells the poison from the system in the natural way Cuts the phlegm and clears the head Guaranteed Sold by Dr Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C A Anderson Colegrove

IN THE YEAR 1621.

The First Thanksgiving Day on American Soil

"The first Thanksgiving held on American soil was by the pilgrim fathers in the year 1621 shortly after they landed at Plymouth rock It was not very much of a Thanksgiving for they did not feel that they had very much to be thankful for, but was rather a revival of the English harvest home Matters were about the same in 1622 and with much about the same result in giving thanks In 1623, however an expected ship failed to arrive with provisions when they were likely to be most wanted and the prospects of famine were so bright that Governor Bradford, acting in the undoubted exercise of his prerogative ordered a day to be set apart for fasting humiliation and prayer

But before the day appointed had come provisions turned up all right and the day was turned into one of thanksgiving Mr Winslow one of the pilgrims in a letter gives an interesting account of this memorable day in American history The celebration was held with great honor and praise with all thankfulness to our good God which deals so graciously with us" Ninety Indians headed by King Massasoit arrived at the settlement in the nick of time and shared in the feast This celebration was somewhat previous for not long after the pilgrims were down to plain lobsters without bread and spring water which [illegible] Governor Bradford somewhat [illegible] the [illegible] of our complexions [illegible] well it might—[illegible]

THANKSGIVING IN LONDON.

How Americans Away From Home Celebrate Turkey Day

"The members of the American society and their guests to the number of more than 300 [illegible] Nov 2[illegible] last year at the Hotel Cecil for the annual Thanksgiving dinner of the society. The dining hall and the tables were decorated with products of field and garden and flowers The menu was in the shape of a pumpkin to which was attached a corn husk Ambassador Reid Robert J Wynne the American consul general the embassy staff and the head masters of England's great public schools were among the guests of the evening John Morgan Richards father of the late Mrs Craigie presided

After the toast to King Edward had been honored the Rev Edward Lyttelton head master of Eton proposed the health of President Roosevelt He said that speaking for the schoolboys of England, no living personage was as interesting as the American president whose sportsmanship honesty and strength had made him the admiration of both English boys and men The speaker declared President Roosevelt to be the most important figure in civilization

THANK OFFERINGS.

How the Rich of Westchester County N Y, Celebrate

Rich residents in Westchester county, N Y celebrated last Thanksgiving day by donating turkeys and dinners distributed among their poor neighbors at hospitals and homes for poor children

William Rockefeller through his manager had turkeys given to his employees, while Miss Helen Miller Gould though she was far away on a trip, did not forget the little crippled boys at her home called Woodycrest near Irvington Every year the little tots who are educated by her special teachers are given a turkey dinner and last year was no exception Miss Gould sent word to have a special Thanksgiving feast served to them

P G Thebaud, Howard Willets A C. Bostwick and other wealthy men had turkeys distributed among their poor neighbors Mrs C. Oliver Iselin who is president of the day nursery at New Rochelle, also arranged for dinners to be distributed at the Wartburg farm and the Bedford Home for Women special dinners were served

Chicago Newsboys Fed

An army of 5000 newsboys enjoyed the twenty fifth annual Thanksgiving dinner given by a clothing company The bill of fare bulk was as follows Two hundred and fifty turkeys 250 chickens 1,000 loaves of bread 1 500 dozen cakes 150 bunches of bananas 2 barrels of cranberry sauce 25 ten gallon cans of mashed potatoes 1 500 pies, 25 boxes of oranges 25 barrels of apples 25 boxes of celery [illegible] dates raisins and nuts unscheduled [illegible] ten barrels of [illegible] It took fifty men to serve the dinner and twenty five women to wash the dishes

Thanksgiving in M[illegible]

Over [illegible] years ago the Israelites wandering in the desert were instructed by Moses to observe a holiday similar in character to the modern American Thanksgiving day when they came to the promised land It was called the feast of the tabernacles and took place about the end of harvest time For eight days they dwelt in booths made of evergreens They partook of corn, wine oil and the fruits of the ground The priests performed a magnificent ritual of which melodious choruses formed a large part.

No Turkey For Caesar

The Romans had a harvest feast in honor of the Goddess Ceres who though of feminine gender seems to have presided over their department of agriculture The Romans had no turkeys and could not, of course kill and eat the sacred geese, but managed to get along very well on fat capons and Falernian wine for all that

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good reliable companies

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Statement of the condition of the HAMLIN BANK & TRUST Co at close of business Tuesday December 3 190[illegible]

RESOURCES

Real estate Banking House and fixtures		$ 1[illegible] 545 34
Bonds and Stocks		109 500 00
Loans, secured by collateral mortgages, judgments and Commercial paper		611 589 08
Cash on hand	$42,798.37	
Cash in Banks	88 984 34	131,782 71
Total		$872 980 13

LIABILITIES

Capital stock	$200 000 00
Surplus earned	50 000 00
Undivided profits	41,613 19
Deposits	580 746 94
Total	$872 980 13

We invite your attention to the above statement and solicit your accounts Interest paid on time deposits No transaction too large No account too small

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President
ORLO J HAMLIN, Vice President
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer
GUY McCOY, Asst Treas

DIRECTORS
HENRY HAMLIN
ORLO J HAMLIN,
RALPH E BURDICK
FRED D GALLUP
JOHN FORREST

ACME MILL.
F A. GREEN, Prop

We carry a complete and fresh stock of

FLOUR, FEED, MEAL, OATS, MIDDLINGS, Etc.

AGENT FOR
Blatchford's Calf Meal.
Water & Hill Sts Smethport

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak And for Fruit and Vegetables I am always headquarters
J. F, ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer
Agent for Empire Drill Co
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Fedders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc

Blankets and Robes.
The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find
Just What You Want
A line of Trunks Telescopes Suit Cases Traveling Bags etc at popular prices
Harness—All the latest styles in single and double light and heavy harness
Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

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C.A.SNOW & Co.

FOR YOUNG OR OLD
THE BEST PILL SOLD
Rings
Little Liver Pills

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c and $1.00 at Druggists

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for every[illegible] of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, **Smethport, Pa**

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

A Woman's Back

Has many aches and pains caused by weaknesses and falling, or other displacement, of the pelvic organs. Other symptoms of female weakness are frequent headache, dizziness, imaginary specks or dark spots floating before the eyes, gnawing sensation in stomach, dragging or bearing down in lower abdominal or pelvic region, disagreeable drains from pelvic organs, faint spells with general weakness.

If any considerable number of the above symptoms are present there is no remedy that [illegible] quicker relief or a more permanent cure than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has a record of over forty years of cures. It is the most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine known to medical science. It is made of the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful, or habit-forming drugs. Its ingredients are all printed on the bottle-wrapper and attested under oath as correct.

Every ingredient entering into "Favorite Prescription" has the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice—more valuable than any amount of non-professional testimonials—though the latter are not lacking, having been contributed voluntarily by grateful patients in numbers to exceed the endorsements given to any other medicine extant for the cure of woman's ills.

You cannot afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for this well proven remedy OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, even though the dealer may make a little more profit thereby. Your interest in regaining health is paramount to any selfish interest of *his* and it is an insult to your intelligence for him to try to palm off upon you a substitute. You know what you want and it is his business to supply the article called for.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by old Dr. Pierce over forty years ago, much imitated but never equaled. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

FOR CHRISTMAS

Smethport Cut Glass. Fine China.

JOHN C. HAMLIN,

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 12, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Criminal court week.

—"The Train Robbers," at the Lyceum to-night.

—Fry & Comes have an interesting holiday ad this week.

—Stop worrying. Read Monheimer's ad for useful Christmas presents.

—Basket ball at the Lyceum to-morrow night. Kane vs. Smethport.

—The Pennsylvania railroad's advertisement is worth your careful reading.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. William Andorfer of West Water street on Sunday last, a boy.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Amandus Engstrum of East Main street on Thursday last, a boy.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett has a new advertisement this week to which your attention is directed.

—H. W. Rubin offers valuable and useful presents at low prices in his advertisement to-day.

—The Lindholm Co. has some interesting suggestions to offer this week in regard to Christmas gifts.

—The label on your paper keeps you posted. Take advantage of the dollar rate in renewing your subscription.

—Daly & Gurlick have many lines of Christmas presents and give you some timely hints in their ad this week.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman has an interesting announcement in her advertisement this week regarding Christmas goods.

—Remember the Keystone Guards' grand ball at Ormsby to-morrow night. Chadwick's orchestra will furnish music.

—L. K. Hogarth has an elaborate display of Christmas goods and tells you something about them in a new advertisement this week.

—Kerr's jewelry store is headquarters for beautiful Christmas gifts in his various lines. Read his new advertisement this week and visit his store.

—A Bradford man with the help of a policeman succeeded in catching a real, live wildcat on Main street in that city last Friday night. The animal was trying to jump through windows and was captured by being enveloped in an overcoat. The cat was taken to the city building and made a prisoner.

—H. C. Wells has an especially interesting ad this week in regard to his big stock of suitable gifts for the holidays. Call and look over his elegant assortment.

—Miss Eva Booth of Kane and Mr. John Shields of Bradford were married Saturday last in a New York State town. Mr. and Mrs. Shields will reside in Bradford.

—Fred Shorer, while engaged in cutting wood on the Potato creek flats Monday, severely strained his back lifting on a heavy log. Dr. Ostrander attended to the injury.

—There will be no meeting of the P. H. C. Dec. 24. On Dec. 17th nomination of officers will occur and refreshments will be served. All members are requested to be present.

—One week from next Wednesday is Christmas. Remember what a welcome present a year's subscription to the MINER will be to an absent relative or friend. It will cost only one dollar.

—Mr. George P. Rupert and Miss Ella Johnson, popular young people of Bradford, were married at St. Bernard's church in that city last Sunday afternoon, the Rev. William Coonan officiating.

—M. O'Reilly has received word from his son, William, who has been in Spain for nearly three years, that he will sail for home on the steamship "Princess Irene," arriving here in time for Christmas.

—All reports say that "The Train Robbers," is an interesting attraction and has been greeted with crowded houses in many cities where it has exhibited. You will have a chance to see it at the Lyceum to-night.

—W. J. Alexander, an Austin liveryman, who was already under a charge of peddling cocaine, was arrested in that town on Wednesday last charged with rape, the alleged victim being less than twelve years of age.

—Miss Mabel Reynolds of Yaberstown, Pa., and Dr. Edwin S. Briggs of Hazelhurst were married in Olean on November 25th. Dr. and Mrs. Briggs will reside in Hazelhurst and have the best wishes of many friends in this vicinity for a happy married life.

—William S. Schott, according to a New Castle dispatch of Friday, applied for a writ of habeas corpus for the release of his bride aged 15 years, now locked up at the home of her father, Jacob Rosen. Schott and Bertha Rosen eloped to Youngstown and were married. The parent of the girl are Hebrews and objected to the Gentile husband.

—Bradford Era: Announcement is made of the marriage in Olean of Miss Nellie Flickenger and Mr. Worth Reed, both of this city, the ceremony having been performed on December 1, by the Rev. L. F. Raf, pastor of the Olean Presbyterian church.

—The big steel and concrete bridge at Stony Brook Glen, N. Y., erected by the Shawmut railroad has been finished and tested and seems perfectly satisfactory. The new bridge is 249 feet in height, 640 feet long and over 600 tons of steel were used in its construction. It is the highest bridge in New York State.

—Over 2,100 pounds of turkey, 500 quarts of cranberries, two complete cheeses, a keg of olives, 600 loaves of bread, [illegible] gallons of oysters, [illegible] pounds of sausage, 500 pies and several hundred heads of celery were among the items required for the Thanksgiving day bill of fare at the soldiers' home in Bath, N. Y.

—The Children's Home received a Thanksgiving box from the W. C. T. U. of Smethport last week containing clothing for the little folks that proved very acceptable. Mrs. M. E. Richmond packed the box and forwarded it. The generous people of the county seat have assisted in the material comfort of the children and the Children's Aid society of this city are grateful.—Bradford Herald.

—F. H. Reed of Clermont, general sales agent of the White Steam Car for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, has a new advertisement this week, containing a cut of the new Model K, 1908 White Steam Car. He also announces that after Jan. 1, 1908, he will have a first class automobile repair shop in operation, and solicits correspondence from all interested persons.

—A new gas engine of the International Harvester Co's make has been installed in the MINER office, taking the place of a steam engine that has done good service for a number of years. The new engine is more powerful than the old and is capable of running all the machinery of the plant. This celebrated make of gas engines is giving complete satisfaction wherever used and from all indications the one now in use in the MINER office is no exception to the rule. The engine was purchased through the local agency conducted by Walter U. Daly, of the firm of Daly & Gurlick. Harry M. Dudley, of Olean placed the new engine in position.

Whenever you feel that your stomach has gone a little wrong, or when you feel that it is not in good order as is evident by [illegible] headaches, nervousness, bad breath, and belching, take something at times, and especially after your meals until relief is afforded. There is nothing better offered the public to-day for stomach troubles, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc., than Kodol. This is a scientific preparation of natural digestants combined with vegetable acids and it contains the same juices found in every healthy stomach. Kodol is guaranteed to give relief. It is pleasant to take; it will make you feel fine by digesting what you eat. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Just a little Casensweet is all that is necessary to give your baby when it is cross and peevish. Casensweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Conforms to the National Pure Food Law. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER

L. K. Hogarth

~~Dealer in Drugs and Medicines.~~

Opposite Grange National Bank

Our Ice Cream factory has been improved and is again in operation. For Christmas will have Vanilla, Banana and Chocolate Ice Cream. Plain or in bricks.

New China. Fresh Fine Candies. Best line of Cigars ever seen in Smethport.

Everything in the Druggist line of the best at the right prices.

Hot and Cold Soda.

Call and see us.

L. K. HOGARTH,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Grange Bank SMETHPORT

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by O. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

A Dollar Bill Buys $2.70 Worth

of

SANITOL

Take advantage of the Great Introductory Offer of the

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company

Let us tell you how you can buy ten of these wonderful toilet preparations for $1.00, regular retail price, $2.70.

McCoy's Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

Saxe's

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store,

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

Beautiful Christmas Gifts AT Kerr's Jewelry Store.

At this time of year this store is a thing of beauty and a joy to the Christmas shopper, for we carry just the thing you are looking for. Here a few suggestions:

Diamonds from $10.00 up to $600.00.
Watches, all styles and prices.
Precious Stones in all styles and settings.
Silverware, all that is new and pretty.
Beautiful Hand Painted China.
Rich Cut Glass.
Fancy Umbrellas.
And all the correct things in jewelry, including many of the latest novelties.

You will be hard to suit if we cannot please you. Mail orders solicited.

Kerr's Jewelry Store,

Smethport, **Penna.**

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin:

The Spirit of Christmas on the Rails.

At no other period of the year does home-hunger grip the the human heart with such an eager yearning as at Christmas time. The lasting memories of the old homestead, the tender welcome of the older and the merry greetings of the younger dear ones, the happy re-union about the festal board, the pungent odor of the cedar, the witchery of the holly, the lurking sentiment of the mistletoe, all combine to make a lure well nigh irresistable.

It is the season of re-unions and foregatherings, of meeting and parting.

The zest of travel is rife, for apart from the home-coming and social exchanges it is a holiday time for many and there are pleasant excursions to be made, where sight-seeing has an added relish from the prevalent gaiety and good cheer.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is always popular at holiday times. Its system is so far-reaching, and at the same time so closely interwoven with the needs of the traveler; its trains are so numerous and so well equipped for the accommodation of every class of travel, and its ticketing arrangements so satisfying that it might be termed the Santa Claus route.

Its Limited trains carrying the highest grade of travelers, completely appointed in every detail, offer exceptional advantages to the children going from school for the Christmas vacation. The boys naturally gravitate to such trains; the girls will find every comfort and safeguard, as well as a maid at their command.

No matter whither bound it is wise to consult a Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent as to trains and rates. He can start you right; the rest will be easy.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rate. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 12, 1907

The time is not far distant to the spring elections and now is the time to select good men to fill the various township and borough offices. In this borough the greatest care should be observed in regard to councilmen, because this body will decide the fate of the paving question.

At a meeting of the Republican National Committee in Washington Saturday last it was decided to hold the National Convention at Chicago, June 16, 1908. Denver and Kansas City were also after the convention but Chicago was the favorite of a large majority of the committee members.

Our present council should put the much discussed question of paving Main street in such a shape that the voters will have another chance to vote on it, and in such a way that the the wishes of the people can be carried out. The proper time to put this to a vote is at the February election, and in order to do this the council must get busy and revise the paving ordinance.

It is said that the Italian government will soon send a commission to the United States and investigate alleged abuses to which natives of that country are subjected in the Southern States. It is claimed by some authorities that various padrones in the South make practical slaves of the Italian laborers. While the Italian government seems almost assured that the reports have been greatly exaggerated it has about decided to investigate the state of affairs and if evidence warrants to call the attention of this government to the facts.

Terror does not leave lasting impressions on the human mind. The most appalling event in history was the eruption of Mt. Pelee and the obliteration of St. Pierre, with its thirty or forty thousand inhabitants. And yet, "St. Pierre is rising from its ashes. Houses are going up rapidly. Ground is now being cleared for two more buildings. One is for a wholesale provision store and the other for a hardware store." What is the use of praising the courage that dares the cannon's mouth when men do not fear Mt. Pelee? asks an exchange.

King Oscar, the venerable King of Sweden, died Sunday morning, at the age of nearly 80 years. During his peaceful reign of 35 years he was beloved by his subjects and won the respect of all nations. His death caused great grief throughout the nation over which he ruled so well, and the sympathy of the world is extended. King Oscar was a great and good man. Many years before ascending the throne, in 1857, he married Sophia of Nassau, daughter of the late Wilhelm, Duke of Nassau. He had by her four sons, the Princes Gustaf, Oscar, Carl and Eugene. Gustaf, Duke of Vremland, the eldest, is the successor to the throne. The latter married Victoria of Baden in 1881 and has several children. He takes the title of Gustave V.

The editor of the Democrat completely dodges the original issues of the controversy and devotes an entire column to us personally, telling his readers what we do not know. Possibly he has awakened to the fact that it is a pretty hard thing to convince the Swedish-American voters that we insulted them when we held that a vast majority of them kept the pledge they had voluntarily given to support the Repulican ticket, instead of breaking their pledge as neighbor Lindsley claimed they did when he asserted they voted otherwise. The *Democrat* editor says that we get our information as to the relative circulation of these papers by snooping around his office in an unprofessional manner. It would be just as reasonable if we should make the assertion that he rifled the ballot boxes to get his information about how the Swedish-Americans *voted*. When this all-wise editor makes the assertion that we have read his type on the galleys and copy on the hooks he either deliberately lies or this job of bringing down "small game" with his "big guns" has unbalanced his mind. It may be, as neighbor Lindsley says, that we cannot prove by direct evidence, to those who are not well acquainted with this self-esteemed literary light, that he licked the hand that smote him for political favors,—for we only have his word for it. But to those who know him best he convicts himself in his denial, for he refers to this boss in a most respectful manner, a thing he had not done in years previous to his capitulation to the aforesaid boss. However it is characteristic of our neighbor to brag about his independence and toady to his superiors in the same paragraph. We may have been guilty of intefering with Mr. Lindsley's help according to his ideas, for he seems to think that slavery still exists and that a man in his employ has no personal rights. When we have been rushed with work we have employed his men during their leisure hours and have given men employment after they had left his employ. We contend that the average wage-earner's spare time belongs to himself instead of his employer and he has the right to sell it to another if he chooses. This is just a matter of difference in opinion as to the personal rights of an employee, and we do not envy our neighbor his attitude against the laborer. We have no objection to our neighbor calling a spade a spade and telling all he knows, for as long as he does not go color blind and mix his cards as he did last week we have nothing to fear. Don't be merciful on our account, neighbor, but shoot your big ones as soon as you like.

Possum.

Preferably possum should be cooked over a wood fire in a log cabin and seasoned with the odorous blue smoke of hickory and ash as the lid of the oven is lifted now and again to give a glimpse of the promised viand to those who wait with whetted appetite for the coming feast. With the possum and taters there should be served either the ordinary Kentucky corn pone—if such an adjective may be not improperly applied to anything so rare—or the Olympian cracklin' bread of the hog killing season. In justice to the possum it must be said that neither corn pone nor crackling bread is necessary, but it serves well not only to mop up the gravy, but also to prevent the possum and the yams from melting in the mouth too rapidly for the flavor to be enjoyed to the fullest. The finest possums on earth are found in the woodlands of the Pennyrile district of Kentucky, and they reach perfection about the time the perfumed pawpaw becomes so ripe that it falls from the parent stem and reposes in all of its golden beauty in the orange tinted leaves that the earth has first claimed as tribute from the trees for her enrichment.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

American Temperament and Art.

The majority of the men and women who gave American life its form and direction were not the children of an artistic race, though they were the heirs of a great literature. They descended from a people who have never pursued art as an end and whose first instinctive expression in meeting great experiences has never been artistic, but who have never divorced action from vision nor failed in the long run to match power in action with some kind of beauty in speech. From its English ancestry the country has inherited an ingrained and ineffaceable idealism of nature, which enormous tasks and hitherto incredible prosperity have at times smothered and blighted, but never destroyed. From other races have come richer temperament, quicker sensibilities, craving for joy and love of beauty for its own sake, which have already immensely enriched American art and are subsoiling American life.—Hamilton Mabie in Atlantic.

The Wettest Trade.

The lot of the Ceylon pearl diver is not an easy one. Stones are suspended on a running rope over an outrigger projected from the boat's side in such a convenient position as to allow the diver to place one foot within a loop affixed to the stone. The diver, having placed himself with one foot on the stone, with a net around his neck to hold oysters, draws in his breath, closes the nostrils with one hand and raises his body to give force to the descent. The manduck (or diver's attendant) in charge of the stone and nets, lets go, and the diver rapidly reaches the bottom, leaves the stone, which the manduck instantly hauls up and relaxes, throws himself on the ground, creeping along, and fills his net with oysters. This done, he jerks the rope, which is pulled up by the manduck in charge, and the contents of the net are discharged into the boat. The diver meanwhile rises to the surface.—Ceylon Manual.

Ring's Little Liver Pills wake up lazy livers, clean the system and clear the skin. Try them for biliousness and sick headache. Price 25c. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores—thoroughly cleanses—and is healing and soothing. Good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Gentleman's smoke, "Druggist" 5c.

Subscribe for the MINER.

DR. E. R. BAKER,
DENTIST.
OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.
OPEN EVENINGS
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

See Our
Christmas Goods
Millinery and
Ladies' Furnishings.
Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
AS USUAL
H. C. WELLS
is headquarters for the Holiday shopper and the line is complete in every detail.

My stock includes a LARGE LINE OF TOYS,—not the cheap, trashy toys so often shown, but substantial toys—the kind that pleases the youngster for years to come. These I will sell at cost or below, because I am going out of the toy business. Come early for these for they will only last a short time at the prices.

TOILET ARTICLES
My display of Toilet Articles is one of the finest ever shown in this place, and the prices are right. See them before making your purchases.

LEATHER GOODS
This line is complete, comprising most useful gifts at reasonable prices.

OTHER GIFTS
We have many other appropriate gifts, including the best of Perfumes Vases, Stationery, Pipes, Cigars, and others too numerous to mention. Call and see.

H. C. WELLS,
SMETHPORT, PA.

OVER TWO THOUSAND VISITORS A DAY
Cooper Explains Reason for Remarkable Average of Boston Callers.

During L. T. Cooper's recent stay in Boston, it is estimated that sixty-five thousand people talked with him and purchased his medicine. This is an average of over two thousand a day.

His success was so phenomenal as to cause universal comment both by the public and the press. There must be a reason for this. Here is the reason given in his own words by Mr. Cooper when interviewed on the subject. He said:

"The immense numbers of people who are calling on me here in Boston is not unusual. I have had the same experience for the past two years wherever I have gone. The reason is a simple one. It is because my medicine puts the stomach in good condition. This does not sound unusual, but it is in fact the key to health. The stomach is the very foundation of life. I attribute 90 per cent. of all sickness directly to the stomach.

"Neither animals nor men can remain well with a poor digestive apparatus. Few can be sick with a digestion in perfect condition. As a matter of fact, most men and women today are half-sick. It is because too much food and too little exercise have gradually forced the stomach into a half-sick condition. My medicine gets the stomach back where it was, and that is all that is necessary."

Among Boston people who are staunch believers in Mr. Cooper's theory, is Mr. Frank D. Brown, of 57 Bloomingdale street, Chelsea, Mass. He says:

"For five years I have sought relief for indigestion, stomach trouble and dyspepsia, spending nearly all my wages with doctors and obtaining no results. I had dull pains across my back, radiating to the shoulders. I had splitting headaches, which nothing seemed to cure. There was a gnawing and rumbling in my stomach and bowels. I was troubled with vertigo and dizziness, and at times almost overcome by drowsiness.

"I felt tired and worn out all the time, my sleep was not refreshing, and I would get up in the morning feeling as weary as when I went to bed. My appetite was variable—ravenous at times, then again nauseated at the sight of food. Sometimes my face was pale, at other times flushed. I was constipated and bilious, and had catarrhal affection in nose and throat, which caused me to hawk and spit a great deal, especially in the morning. I heard so much of the Cooper remedies that I decided to try them. After taking one bottle, a tapeworm 60 feet long passed from my system. I felt better almost immediately. All my troubles disappeared as if by magic, and my improvement was rapid. I now feel entirely well, and can honestly recommend Mr. Cooper's medicine to anyone who suffers as I did."

We sell the Cooper medicines, which give universal satisfaction.—McCoy's Drug Store.

NEW 1908, MODEL K, WHITE STEAM CAR

F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

Mufflers | New Ties
Christmas
is a time to give Presents.
Useful presents are better than those that are not.
Our store is full of useful gifts for men and boys. Everything the best at the lowest prices.
H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.
Brown Derbies | Rain Coats

PIANOS
And Organs at all prices and terms to suit, direct from the manufacturers.
E. E. Ellison
143 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

The Brownell Store
ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS
ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA
Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.
We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.
Andrews & Scull.

COFFEE
Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan
Palmer House, 35c — 50c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.
A. E. FOSTER & CO

The best light to read by is the natural, steady white flame from
Family Favorite Oil The Best for Illuminating.
The nearest approach to the natural white rays of the sun.
Odorless, clear—white as water—won't soot, won't smoke, won't char the wick.
Your dealer recommends it. Ask him.
WAVERLY OIL WORKS
Independent Refiners
PITTSBURG, PA.
Oils for all Purposes
Booklet sent Free

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST
Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

For Christmas Buying The Very Best Time is Now.

This is the store where the things you want Don't Cost "just a little bit more than you planned to pay."

——AND SO——

You'll find things you want here for prices that are a good deal less than you have been used to paying.

That means that your Christmas List may be made out generously and that you'll save substantially on every purchase you make.

What to Give "Him"

That is the problem which will soon be uppermost in every woman's mind. What shall I give him. That's the question. But its answer can be found at this store in many shapes. We have anticipated your needs and have provided so that we can save you money.

COME—tell your mission and you will be directed to just the proper gifts.

What to Give "Her"

Indeed, this is a most perplexing problem for men to solve. But we've made it easy for you. Our store is lined with appropriate gifts, a harvest of gift suggestions that will delight, and not offend, the critical taste of "Her."

We have also the correct things for "Her" mother. Not one, but many articles to delight the feminine heart and eye at Christmas Tide.

LET US HELP YOU.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

Christmas Gifts

Our display of Christmas goods is complete and if you are looking for good substantial gifts we can supply your wants. Here are a few reminders:

HAND PAINTED CHINA
HAVILAND CHINA
CUT GLASS
DINNER SETS
TEA SETS
CARVING SETS
FANCY GAS LAMPS
PHONOGRAPH RECORDS
CUTLERY
SKATES
CROCKERY
ETC., ETC.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 12, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Merchants report a good holiday trade.

—"The Train Robbers," is the attraction at the Lyceum to-night.

—Subscribe now. One dollar in advance pays for the MINER one year.

—The Passion Play is attracting big crowds at the Star. Last performances to-night.

—Attend the basket ball game at the Lyceum to-morrow night. Kane vs. Smethport.

—The management of the Backus Novelty Works finds its necessary to run the factory night and day to keep up with orders.

—One night recently a young married couple of this borough were having a little good natured argument. Finally the bride exclaimed, "I am the victor," to which he replied "talking machine," and he was surprised to see the thermometer drop forty-six degrees in that many seconds.

—The local police have been asked to look out for Chester B. Halfpenny, whom, it is alleged, absconded on Dec. 5 from Shawmut Pa., on the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad, with over $100 of the railroad company's money.—Bradford Era.

—The body of a man supposed to be C. G. Cornwell of Bradford is at an Olean undertaking establishment pending the location of relatives. The man was a peddler of medicine and was found dead in his room in the Quinn hotel, Olean, yesterday morning.

—The Smethport High School basket ball team will play its first game of the season to-morrow night at the Lyceum. The Kane High School team will be its adversary. The local players have been faithfully practising and expect to put up a strong game. A preliminary contest will start at 8 o'clock, and the main event will begin promptly at 8:30. Everybody should attend and cheer the boys on to victory.

—Word has been received in Ridgway that James Ryan who was convicted at the last term of court of carrying nitroglycerine and burglars' tools and who was sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of three years, had died in that institution of typhoid fever. Ryan was complaining before being taken away that he was not feeling very well and it is likely that the disease was working on him then. This was the man who was driven off a train with several other men who were stealing rides. A bottle of nitro-glycerine was taken from Ryan, which exploded and three railroad men were badly injured.

—The Berney-Bond Glass Bottle company of Bradford has placed an order for the installment of a system of oil burners to be used as an auxiliary to the natural gas burned in the Bradford plant, says the Star. The great draw on the gas from this field by the companies operating in Buffalo have made the pressure less than it has been in the past and the oil heating system has been found necessary by the company.

—E. E. Heath is the inventor of a new meal ticket for hotels and restaurants and has applied for a patent upon the same. The ticket is of neat and compact form, so arranged as to do away with vexatious book-keeping and to greatly simplify the transactions between landlord and boarder. The ticket is now in use in a number of places and the satisfaction which it gives seems to assure a large and steady demand for this mistake-eradicator.

—Announcements have been received here of the marriage of Flora Estella, daughter of Mrs. J. N. Ewing, to Myron D. Youmans. The marriage occurred on Thursday, Nov. 28, 1907, at Boulder, Colorado. Mr. Youmans was formerly a Knoxville boy and later lived at Westfield. Mr. and Mrs. Youmans will be at home at Erie, Colorado, after Dec. 10th.—Wellsboro Advocate. Mr. Youmans is well known in Smethport where he resided at one time.

—Rev. P. E. Nordgren of the Bradford Swedish Lutheran church, who has also occupied the position as pastor of the Smethport church of that faith, has decided to accept the call of the church at Duquesne, Pa., and will leave for his new pastorate about Jan. 5. The Rev. Mr. Nordgren is an able speaker and a very estimable man, who has won the sincere respect and warm regard not only of members of his congregation, but of all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

—Lewis E. Hamsher, a prominent citizen of Bradford, aged 64 years, died at the Bradford hospital Sunday last after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Hamsher was extensively engaged in the oil business and had lived in Bradford about 30 years. He was highly esteemed wherever known. He leaves a widow, two sisters, Mrs. J. M. Stevenson of Bradford and Mrs. Benjamin Knapp of Bristol, Ind., and a brother, F. M. Hamsher, also of Bristol. He was affiliated with the Episcopal church and was a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity.

—The blowers and gatherers have reached an agreement with the Smethport Window Glass Co., and are now at work. The flatteners and cutters do not seem to be satisfied with arrangements, consequently they are not working. The situation at present seems to be a disagreement between the workmen over the scale of prices with the blowers and gatherers on one side and the flatteners and cutters on the other. Just what the outcome will be is hard to tell, but everybody hopes the trouble will soon be amicably settled, and all departments of the factory operating on full time.

—V. S. Richman, assistant secretary of Pennsylvania for the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Association of the United States is in the city in the interest of the association to formulate the committee to represent the State of Pennsylvania. The present representatives of McKean county are Judge Joseph W. Bouton and D. C. Young of Smethport and F. W. Davis of this city. It is proposed to build a memorial at our national capitol opposite the Smithsonian Institute patterned after the Parthenon at Athens at a cost of $500,000. Mr. Richman will be in Bradford a few days to complete his labors. On the board of governors for Pennsylvania is Charles Emory Smith, editor of the Philadelphia Press. The Hon. George W. Guthrie, mayor of Pittsburg, is vice president of the association.—Monday's Bradford Star.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 7, 1907:

John Lion, Mary McCarty.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office, two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Pays to Attend.

The Clarion State Normal School is having the largest Fall attendance in the history of the school. Plans have been formed to increase the dormitory capacity for the accommodation of the many who are making application for admission. The Winter term opens on Dec. 31.

Thousands of men and women in all walks of life are suffering from kidney and bladder troubles. Don't neglect your kidneys. Delays are dangerous. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills afford quick relief for all forms of kidney and bladder trouble. A week's treatment 25c. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

A Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal overcomes indigestion, dyspepsia and other stomach ills. Two days' trial free. Ask our dealer. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Wanted.

To exchange second hand hemlock lumber for hay. C. H. Gleason.

It will pay you to see Mrs. A. E. Hinman's Christmas goods before making your purchases.

Before buying wedding presents call and look over my stock. L. K. Hogarth.

Everybody should try a "Druggist."

Personal Mention.

Chas. McKean was a visitor in Kane Friday last.

Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison visited Kane Friday last.

Earl Brooder of Sartwell was greeting friends in town Saturday.

F. L. Holmes returned Saturday from a business visit in Chicago.

R. J. Oates of Mt. Alton was a pleasant caller at this office Friday.

Hon. James A. McKean has returned from a business trip to the western oil fields.

Miss Maude Irons of Brooklyn, N. Y., was a guest of Mrs. John Chadwick Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Welch of Bradford visited relatives and friends in town this week.

Roy Stark came over from Bradford Monday and passed several days at his home in this place.

Miss Lois Green visited her sister, Miss Hazel and brother, Paul, in Buffalo during the past week.

Mrs. C. B. Corwin, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. H. F. Grabe, of Bradford returned to her home in this place Monday night.

County Commissioner George Griffiths was a Bradford visitor yesterday, calling on friends, says the Record. It is reported that Mr. Griffiths may be a candidate for the Republican nomination for sheriff.

Ralph Yerdon of Kane was a pleasant caller at the MINER office Tuesday. Mr. Yerdon is looking over the ground preparatory to announcing himself as a candidate for county commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

Delos Armstrong of Bradford called at the MINER office yesterday afternoon and during his visit spoke of the fact that he will be a candidate for county commissioner at the Republican primaries and will make his announcement at the proper time.

Joseph Foster of Hazelhurst was a welcome caller at this office yesterday afternoon and was accompanied by Ernest Brook of Sheffield, England, who landed at New York last Sunday. Mr. Brook's first impressions of America are all favorable. He speaks in highest terms of the courtesy and kindness shown him since he reached American shores. Mr. Brook is an expert worker in the cutlery business and expects to secure employment and to reside in Smethport. He made the voyage from England on the Lusitania and reports a stormy passage, the heavy seas at times smashing wood work on the big liner and causing much anxiety on the part of the passengers.

"I trust this may be read by many sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble" writes Mrs. Joe King of Woodland, Tex. "I suffered four years and could find nothing to give even temporary relief. Our druggists at last induced me to try your 30 days' treatment of Pineules for $1. This one bottle has cured me and money could not buy the value it has been to me." Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice, draws out inflammation and poison.—Antiseptic healing.—For chapped hands, lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Get back of a "Druggist" Straight 5.

$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours today?

PALACE PHARMACY,
Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

NEVER

was there a better showing of Useful Xmas presents than you can find here this year.

Umbrellas, Fur Caps,
Ties,
Walk-Over Shoes, Jewelry,
Hole-Proof Hosiery,
Suit Cases, Gloves,
Sweater Coats,
Mufflers, Suspenders,
Handkerchiefs and
Clothing

of all descriptions. Everything of the best quality at prices within reach of all.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

Store open until 9:30 p. m. commencing Dec. 16

GET YOUR XMAS PRESENTS NOW.

There is of necessity a tremendous jam during the last few days of Holiday shopping—we say do your shopping now because we want you to make your selections in comfort and get the full measure of satisfaction which the store can give you to a much greater degree now than during the last few days when stocks are depleted and every one is in a hurry

Gifts for Men.

Gloves 25c to $2.75, Cravats 25c to $1.00, Mufflers 50c to $3.75
Umbrellas 50c to 7.75 Cuff Buttons 25c to 2.75 Scarf Pins 25c to 2.50
Handkerchiefs 5c to $1 Bath Robes 2.90 to 5.00 Sweaters 1.00 to 4.50
Smoking sets 50c to $3 Shaving sets 50c to 3.50 Tie racks 25c to 50c

Gifts for Women.

Gloves 25c to $3.75 Neckwear 10c to $2.75 Hosiery 15c to $1.50
Fancy waists 3.50 to 5.75, Umbrellas 50c to 8.75, Hair Ornaments 10c to 4.75
Furs 1.50 to 32.50, Linens 15c to 9.50, Fancy China 25c to 4.75
Toilet Sets, Jewel Cases, Pictures, Stationery, Fancy Boxes, etc., 10c to 4.75

Gifts for Children.

Furs 50c to $10.50 Mittens 10c to $1.00 Handkerchiefs 5c to 25c
Books 5c to 25c Games 5c to 4.75 Toys 5c to 1.50
Moving Picture Lanterns 6.75 Magic Lanterns 25c to 3.50
Electrical Toys 1.00 to 4.50, Dolls 25 to 3.50, Teddy Bears 10c to 1.25

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

YOU CAN FIND
EVERYTHING
YOU NEED IN
HOLIDAY
GOODS
AT
Mrs. Mary
L. Bisett's
City Store

Chase and Sanborn's
Coffee.

"Specially Blended
Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at
20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove,
Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

A Permanent Appointment.

By NANCY BRENT.

Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Mrs. Darnley looked up eagerly when her niece came in.

"Was it hard?" she asked, letting her magazine slide to the floor.

Eleanor Wynn unpinned her nobby little sailor hat and leaned back on the couch pillows, with a sigh of relief.

"All examinations are harrowing," she said, her eyes still dilated with recent mental strain. "I never saw such long columns of figures in my life, auntie. I shall dream about them for weeks. It seems almost impossible to hope that I added them correctly. The rough draft letter writing and arithmetic didn't bother me a bit, but those pages of rapid addition were awful. I shall be—so—ashamed—if I fail to pass

HE SETTLED HER COMFORTABLY IN AN OLD SILL.

after all the interest and kindness you have shown."

Mrs. Darnley saw tears rush to the girl's eyes and picked up her magazine with seeming unconsciousness.

"Run and take a nice bath, my dear. There is half an hour before dinner. You needn't dress—come in your kimono. I wouldn't worry if I did fail on a civil service examination. Lots of well educated people have got so rattled they wanted to spell cat with two t's."

The girl wiped her eyes furtively as she started from the room.

"There was a horrid woman sitting next to me during the exam. She—she—added every blessed one of those figures in a—loud whisper," and Eleanor, ashamed of her tears, made a rush for the door of her own little hall bedroom.

When her father after an attack of pneumonia had been left with a lung trouble that his physician said would be fatal unless he at once left for a southern climate, the girl had resolutely insisted upon his using the greater part of their small bank account to start for Arizona. Then, deprived of her father's salary, she had been forced to leave college with the determination to seek work. Her aunt's letter advising her to come to Washington to try the examination advertised by the civil service to secure 150 clerks for a year's work on an extra rush had caused the motherless girl to invest her little money in the chance that she might be one of the fortunate ones. She settled down in her aunt's tiny flat to await in suspense the two or three months necessary to hear the results of her examination.

Mrs. Darnley came home one afternoon much elated.

"I met John Dabney on the street, my dear. You don't know who John is, of course, but that doesn't make any difference. He's the nicest man in town. He's been out west for three months and just got back. He's a dear, and he knows one of the powers that be—or is—down at the civil service commission. He offered to go down and find out just where you stand on the list of eligibles."

When John Dabney arrived that evening he looked at the slender girl in amazement.

"Miss Wynn, I have to congratulate you. Eighteen hundred people took that examination, and only ten of them made a higher average than you. There is no doubt about your getting an appointment, but," turning to her aunt, "it seems a pity for a mere girl to be shut up in an office adding figures all day."

"But it's only for a year," the girl said, with the youthful enthusiasm of one who never worked for a living and knew nothing of how long and tedious a year may seem.

When the official appointment finally arrived it was John Dabney who accompanied the girl when she reported to take the oath of office. Later he often made the excuse that she was a stranger and needed piloting home after office.

One hot afternoon in August he met her on the stone steps near the main entrance of the large government building.

"Your aunt is waiting for us at the junction," he said, raising her tall parasol and, after the manner of men, holding it at an angle that let in all the sun and gave occasional digs at her ear. "We three are going to run down to Chesapeake bay for a [illegible] and a cool breeze. We will get back by 12 o'clock tonight."

After dinner they left Mrs. Darnley with a book and strolled down the beach until they came to an old pier, used only occasionally by small boys with their fishing tackle.

"Let's walk to the end of this. It gives a feeling of being in the middle of the ocean. Except for the narrow strip of boards reaching back to the beach we can imagine we are stranded on a desert island."

He settled her comfortably in an old sill lying across the end of the pier and took out his cigar case. "Now tell me how you like office life and if you want a permanent appointment."

She shrugged her shoulders in the darkness.

"I'd rather stay home and wash dishes all my life than accept a permanent appointment," she said intensely. "It's bearable when I think that it's only for a short time—father is getting well rapidly, you know—but I could not be brave enough to face the thought that I was there for life. There are more brave, discontented women in Washington than I ever dreamed of—all ages, from twenty to seventy. Did you ever hear of the 'office face'?"

"I don't think I ever did," laughed Dabney. "Is it worth looking at?"

"It's pitiful," she said, watching the waves, flecked with moonlight, dash and break against the logs of the pier. "Whenever a new girl comes in, fresh from the outside world, she creates a sensation. Her fresh complexion, her hopeful ambition, are interesting and enjoyable to the clerks who have been there for years, but they also watch her with a pathetic tenderness. Not one who stays in service five years fails to get that look which Washingtonians call the office face. There is a set expression of apathy. The expression of the eyes changes. I don't know exactly what it is, but the woman who has the desk next to mine told me that she could walk down F street in the afternoon, look into people's faces and pick out every man and woman who had been in office for any length of time. Even the men lose the independent look which the average business man gets with years."

"Poor little girl! A few months even have been sufficient to rob you of your enthusiasm," he said, noticing that her face had grown thin and pale from the unaccustomed sedentary life. "Eleanor, are you determined to go back to college next fall to finish your course?"

"If all goes well with papa. I only lack one year. It seems a pity not to get my diploma."

"But if you are going in for—er—dishwashing," he suggested, "is the diploma really necessary?"

Eleanor looked at him reproachfully.

"Stupid! Are you as literal as all that? Haven't you ever heard of mere figures of speech?"

"Figures that get one to doing some rapid mental calculation, yes." He leaned toward her, and the moonlight showed her both the mirth and seriousness of his eyes. "I was going to invest in some er—dishes to be washed and offer you the job," he said.

"You are a very queer man!" she gasped, laughing finally at the mental picture of John Dabney investing his thousands in an innumerable pile of dishes.

"It's not a joke, girl. I've been thinking of it for weeks."

She clasped her fingers around her knees and, leaning over, gazed at the lights of a boat far out.

"It is not a very hard job washing dishes for two," she said finally.

He unclasped her hands and held them firmly in his own.

"Eleanor Wynn, I'm going to swear you in to a permanent appointment right this minute," he said jubilantly. "It's for life, remember."

Adventures of a Stained Glass Window

The east window at St. Margaret's, Westminster, wandered about for more than 200 years before reaching its present position and was the subject of a seven years' lawsuit. Henry VII., for whom it was intended, died before the window arrived from Dordrecht, and it came into the possession first of the abbot of Waltham and then of General Monk. Stained glass was anathema in Puritan days, so the window was buried until the restoration, when it was brought to light. Refused by Wadham college, it was bought for 50 guineas and erected in a private house and years later was bought for 400 guineas by the committee charged with the restoration of St. Margaret's and placed in position in the church. The lawsuit to which we have referred was brought by the registrar to the dean and chapter on the ground that the window contained superstitious images, but after seven years' legal wrangling the church wardens proved victorious, and the beautiful window was suffered to remain undisturbed.—London Queen.

Strictly Business.

"Young man," said the old gentleman as he shuffled into the parlor, "I believe—in fact, I know—that you and my daughter are rapidly edging toward matrimony."

"It is true, sir," replied the poor but otherwise honest youth. "And, while I am obliged to confess that it will have to be a case of love in a cottage, still I"—

"That's all right, young man," interrupted the stern parent. "Love in a cottage is the true ideal of happiness. You have my consent"—

"Oh, thank you, sir!" exclaimed the young man.

"Upon one condition," continued the old gentleman, "and that is you must be able to show me the deed for the cottage. Good night, young man."—Chicago News.

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$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

It will be unnecessary for you to go through a painful, expensive operation for Piles if you use ManZan. Put up in collapsible tube with nozzle, ready to apply to the soreness and inflammation. For any form of Piles, price 50, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

SNAILS FOR FOOD.

Stores Devoted Entirely to Them In Many Cities of Europe.

France is the premier snail producing nation, although Austria, Bavaria and Switzerland have thousands of snail farms, where the famous escargots are raised and fattened on vine leaves. The demand for snails in France is far too great for the supply to be left to chance, and thus it comes about that snail farming is an important industry. Paris alone consumes millions between September and May, when these little creatures are at their best.

In great cities of Europe are stores devoted entirely to them, each ornamented by an immense gilt snail over the door as a sign. Huge tubs of snails in the rough are displayed, and there are besides dishes of carefully prepared mollusks all ready for eating. These have been cooked, extracted from their shells and minced. The meat is then mixed with butter, chopped parsley and herbs, and the shells, trimmed and made attractive, are refilled with this prepared paste.

The most popular snails today come from Dijon and Macon, in Burgundy, where they are fed on vine leaves, and the parks, as the local snail farms are called, open their gates in the month of August, when the little creatures bestir themselves actively.—Chicago News.

AN ANCIENT BIBLE.

Valuable Manuscript Treasured In The Cottonian Library.

In the Cottonian library in England is an old manuscript copy of a part of the Bible in Latin. This was used at the coronation of English sovereigns 800 years before the "stone of destiny" was brought from Scone to Westminster by Edward I. In other words, the use of this Bible for the purpose in question dated back to the year 1000.

The Bible is a quarto of 217 leaves, containing the four gospels, and seems from the style of the writing and illuminations, which are very beautiful, to have been made about the end of the ninth century.

The Testament escaped destruction in the fire at Ashburnham House in 1731, of which it bears evidence on its crumpled leaves and rilled margins. There is some evidence that the son of Edward the Elder, Athelstan the Glorious, who was king of the west Saxons from 925 to 940, owned this Bible and presented it to the church of Dover.—Philadelphia Record.

Would Choose His Company.

In the west, some twenty years ago, there lived a good man who gave much part of his time to teaching the Indians the Christian faith. On one of his trips he stopped at the ranch of a well to do and very religious Swede and requested a night's lodging.

The Swede thought a great deal of the missionary and disliked to offend him, but he also disliked extremely having a pack of dirty, greasy Indians hanging about his place, so, after much hemming and hawing, he stated his objections.

"But these Indians are Christians, my good brother, and if you can't abide with them for a single night here on earth how do you expect to dwell in heaven with them through all eternity?" inquired the indignant missionary.

The Swede was perplexed, but, after thoughtfully scratching his head a moment, he said, "The Bible says that in my father's house are many mansions, an' I t'ank I hav a separate house."—Lippincott's Magazine.

William Morris In Court.

In one of the London police courts over which Mr. Newton presided—the Thames, I think—Morris protested against the magistrate's sentence on his comrade and called out "Shame!" in court and, being roughly hustled by the police, resisted them and was instantly arrested and placed in the dock. The magistrate, in entire ignorance of the identity of the unusual looking prisoner, asked Morris who he was, and he replied, "I am William Morris, artist and poet; pretty well known throughout Europe, I believe." This had the effect of bringing about his immediate release, but Morris said afterward that it was the only time he had had to bounce about himself, and he would never do it again.—Walter Crane's Reminiscences.

Didn't Matter Much.

Would Be Passenger (out of breath from running)—When does the half past 5 train leave?

Porter—Five thirty.

Passenger—Well, the church clock is twenty-seven minutes past, the postoffice clock is twenty-five minutes past, and your clock is thirty-two minutes. Now, which clock am I to go by?

Porter—Yer can go by any clock yer like, but yer can't go by the train, for it's gone.—London Scraps.

The Censor.

"Does your wife assist you in your work?" queried the horse reporter. "I see her at your desk often."

"Yes," replied the self confessed humorist. "She destroys all my wife and mother-in-law jokes."—Chicago News.

The Case Altered.

In France they call gray hair "a little dust from the road of life," which is certainly very poetical. But when you find "a little dust from the road of life" in your butter the poetry vanishes at once.

When we make a poor guess we realize that to err is human, but when we make a good one we are convinced that foresight is a matter of intellectual superiority.

Are you having trouble with your kidneys? There are lots of people today wonder why they have pains across the back, why they are tired and lacking in energy and ambition. Your kidneys are wrong. They need relief without delay. Take DeWitt's Kidney & Bladder Pills; they are for weak back, inflammation of the bladder, backache and weak kidneys. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

The Cause For Thanks

By CECILY ALLEN.

(Copyright, [illegible], by C. H. Sutcliffe.)

"HONEST, if I had a figure like yours and such a peachy complexion I'd make a good match. Now, of course I've got nice hair and eyes, but a figure counts so much these days. It just sets off your clothes and makes you look like you were the real thing, don't you know. I couldn't help noticing how those two men at the next table watched you go down the aisle. Of course I ain't saying that I haven't my own good points, but with that figure you ought to do something for yourself."

The good natured head of stock who had managed to include the new salesgirl in the glove department in the pleasant little luncheon just concluded patted her pompadour, gave her four-in-hand tie a twitch and swept out of the dressing room.

The new salesgirl, otherwise Nellie Bender, lingered before the glass and, with an appreciative glance over her shoulder, drew down her girdle in the front to lengthen already strong Gibsonesque lines. Yes, she had a straight, slender, graceful figure, which somehow made all her gowns set well, and above it was a rather pretty, girlish and ingenuous face.

Tom Willis thought it the loveliest face in the world, and he was forever telling its owner so. Perhaps that was where Tom made his mistake. Nellie had always felt so sure of him. And lately Tom had been very unreasonable. He had been angry when she had taken the position in the store. He was making $18 a week, with promotion just ahead. He wanted her to stay at home and study homemaking from her own capable mother, but Nellie wanted to earn enough money for her little trousseau. Tom had said openly that he hated her to pay the high price of standing day after day on her feet in the ill ventilated, noisy store. Secretly he had rather feared the influence of money making on this girl, who had always lived the sheltered home life. Perhaps she would not be satisfied later on to give up her own income and share his in a modest home.

NELL CLUTCHED HIS ARM TIGHTLY.

But something more dangerous than the mere effect of an independent income had entered Nellie's life that day. The representative of a big wholesale house had asked the head of stock under whom Nellie worked to make up a luncheon party of four. Any girl she asked would be agreeable, and he had an out of town man he wanted to entertain.

It was Nellie's first experience in a fashionable cafe, with its myriad mirrors, soft shod waiters, sparkling fountains and flower decked tables. The dainty cookery, the well chosen wines, the general air of prosperity and ease which enveloped her during the brief hour had created a new unrest in her mind, and the men had rounded out the meal by inviting the two girls to go to the theater the next night.

Nellie had fairly jumped at the suggestion. Theater on Thanksgiving night? Why, that was the time when folks stayed at home. She knew what would happen in her own home. Tom and his mother would come to dinner, and in the dusk Tom would take his mother to their tiny flat five blocks away and then come back for a two hour visit with her. Tom always went home early because he had to be at the shop every morning at 7:30.

The theater and afterward a supper just like this luncheon! The tiny parlor at home turned dingy and dull by comparison. When she and Tom went to the theater, which was rarely enough, they sat in the upper gallery and divided their attention between the boxes and the stage, the play and the wonderfully gowned women on the floor below.

And what was that Jennie Mills had said? With her figure she might wear such gowns, eat such luncheons every day—be the real thing!

She worked during the afternoon like a girl in a daze. Customers found fault with her, and the floorwalker echoed their complaints. She was tired and irritable when she started for home. It was raining—a cold, wind driven northeaster, and she had no umbrella. As she ran across the street to the subway entrance she was almost knocked down by a hansom whose fares consisted of a fur clad woman and a silk hatted man, who swore roundly as he saw the girl's narrow escape. Nellie's hand trembled with nervousness and anger as she bought her ticket. With her figure and face she might be sitting in a hansom some day instead of dodging one. But there was Tom. Oh, dear, why had she been so hasty? She had been warned plenty times enough about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. To be sure, she had known Tom six years.

A man stepped on her foot in the crowded train, and she drew in the injured member with a scowl that was scant reward for the man's apology. It was dreadful to have to ride twice a day in this mob.

The man seated next to her drew away from her, and she turned to see that he was endeavoring to protect a tissue paper covered parcel from the crush of swaying strap hangers in front of him.

"Say, look out, will you?" he said sharply to the long limbed youth who threatened the parcel as the car stopped suddenly. Then he turned to Nellie with an apologetic smile:

"I don't mind the crowding so much usually, but these flowers are for my wife, and, by gorry, I'm going to get 'em home safe if I have to fight for 'em!"

Nellie looked at him in surprise. His hands were work worn, his clothes clean, but well worn, his tie distinctly rusty. But his happiness was infectious.

"Tomorrow's our wedding anniversary. Ain't it fine that it comes on Thanksgiving day this year? I tell you it makes me think how much more than ordinary I have to be thankful for. My wife's just back from the hospital, safe and well, thank God, and we're celebrating double tomorrow. I tell you, young woman, it's fierce to live three weeks alone with the woman you've loved thirty years lying twixt life and death ten blocks away. I used to get so nervous some nights I'd go and walk up and down in front of the hospital where I could watch the light in her ward. So I thought we'd celebrate special this year, and I bought her some flowers—real flowers out of a real store, not those bargain bunches on the corner. And I got maidenhair fern 'stead of the Boston kind. She always did love maidenhair. And I got her a new dish, too—one of those bonbon dishes women are crazy about. It's glass with gold grapes on it, just as tiny and fine! I got it at a good store, too, and I bet that violet box they packed it in will tickle her to death. Funny how some women set store by little things like that. This is my station. I wonder if I can get through without breaking the strings."

Nellie looked after him with perplexed eyes. Thirty years—and this man with the rusty tie, the oft cleaned suit and the obviously slender purse was buying flowers from a real store for the woman he loved. The man on the other side rose to leave the car, dropping his paper. Nellie picked it up. Somehow she did not want to think. Big black headlines caught her eye.

"Countess —— Sues Her Husband For Divorce. Cruelly Beaten. Her Pride Rebels."

And the countess had a lovely figure and a charming face and ate exquisite lunches every day in the year!

Nellie laid aside the paper and stared straight ahead until the guard called her station; then she went forth into the storm with a shudder. She came back to grim realities. It was cold and rainy—and five blocks to her home. Suddenly by the glare of a peanut vender's oil light she saw a sturdy figure step forth from the gloom. A strong arm drew her into the nearest doorway, and a hearty voice said:

"Never dreamed I could make it. Had to run from the shop to your house, and then here, but something just told me you wouldn't have your raincoat or rubbers."

Tom was putting on her rubbers. Then he held the raincoat for her, fastened it at the throat with his own bungling fingers, smiling all the while into her tired face.

"This ain't as good as a hansom, Nell," he said as he tucked her arm under his, "but it'll have to do until I get my wages raised," and then he added, with a laugh, "Raised quite considerable too!"

Nell clutched his arm tightly. How big and comforting he was and how much warmer she felt as he gripped the swaying umbrella and asked her if she was all right.

"Why, you silly, I'd cut a fine figure in a hansom, wouldn't I?" she asked merrily, but with a new note in her voice that Tom might have noticed if he had not been fighting that northeast wind. "And, oh, Tom, there was the funniest little man sitting next to me tonight on the train. He was having a special Thanksgiving celebration because his wife was out of the hospital. And he was fifty, Tom, if he was a day. Fifty and still in love."

"Sure," said Tom placidly. "I'll be still loving you when I'm fifty too."

And then the friendly blackness of the quiet street swallowed them both, and Nellie deliberately cuddled her tired head against Tom's big, broad shoulder.

No Fires to Cook Their Turkeys.

Two hundred thousand people in twenty Missouri towns awoke on Nov. 20 last to learn that there was no fuel with which to cook their Thanksgiving turkeys. The natural gas, the only fuel used in this part of the state, was unobtainable owing to the bursting of a sixteen inch main at Altamont, Kan. Discarded stoves were dragged from cellars and storage rooms, and there was a scramble for fuel. In most of the homes the turkeys were served exceedingly rare.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough grows in favor daily with young and old. Mothers should keep it on hand for children. It is prompt relief to croup. It is gently laxative, driving the poison and phlegm from the system. It is a simple remedy that gives immediate relief, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Official Directory.

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Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.

State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.

Auditor General—Robert K. Young.

Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.

Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.

State Senator—C. W. Williams, Wellsboro.

Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; H. F. Habgood, Bradford.

District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.

Prothonotary—A. B. Bell, Smethport.

Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.

Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.

Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.

County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.

Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. F. Devlin, Bradford.

Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.

Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.

Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. L. Oviatt, East Smethport.

Coroner—S. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.

County School Superintendent—Burdette R. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.

Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; A. A. Abbey, Alfred Hagberg, O. H. Denning, F. L. Swartburne, B. L. Heath, H. H. Susse.

Justices—R. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.

Constable—E. W. Jones.

High Constable—Andrew Ness.

School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.

Collector—R. C. Gleason.

Assessor—G. H. Hyde.

Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. E. Stark.

Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.

Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, B. McMcClures.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.

W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

O. H. DENNING, N. G.

W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 237, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

L. R. BRAINARD, Chief Patriarch.

J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.

R. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.

MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 184, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. H. GIFFORD, M. W.

J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 96, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.

F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.

BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.

THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.

Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 33, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.

CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.

MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.

L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

TH
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The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

The Unfailing Law.

By INA WRIGHT HANSON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

We were climbing Lone canyon on our way to Mussel rocks, little Madeline and I.

I took her hand to help her down the steep side of the canyon.

"It is such a little hand," I said fondly. "It ought to be a wee bit longer, though, for its width."

"What a funny boy you are, Jamie!" Madeline laughed. "What a compliment. Why didn't you say, 'It is a beautiful hand and a perfect one'?"

"I suppose it is my Scotch bluntness, girlie," I answered. "If I had said that, you would have thought I was flattering. I didn't mean to find fault with the hand, though. It is a pretty hand."

We climbed the other side of the canyon and started along the trail, narrow as it skirted the sand hills and hard to follow. At its end Madeline was pink cheeked, and her hair was blowing about her sweet face in dusky little crinkles.

"I can't explore the rocks and the caves and all the wonders of the deep till I get my breath," she declared, dropping on the sand.

"There's plenty of time," I answered, comfortably sitting down by her. "We have the whole long day before us."

"A whole long day?" she repeated musingly. "And after the day, what then?"

My pulse leaped. "If I had my desire I know what would be after the day—another day and another and a day beyond that till life was done all filled with love and peace and Madeline."

"And now that your dredger did not prove a failure you are a rich man, Jamie," she remarked presently, for I had been silent with my thoughts.

"Yes," I answered, turning my head to listen to the throb of the engine as it came to me faintly on the [illegible] breeze. That was the sound which [illegible] for me "success." By the [illegible] work

"JAMIE, LET ME HELP YOU START AGAIN."

the tiny particles of gold hiding in the black sand were being taken out as no other device had ever brought them out, and the invention was the child of my brain. Perhaps my jubilation had made me overbearing.

"To one who understands the law the demand for something creates the supply. I have success and riches, but neither is sufficient," I remarked arrogantly. "Madeline, you are the girl for me. I want to change the gold that the sand gives up to me into laces and silks and fine linen for you, dear, into jewels to sparkle in your little pink ears and at your white throat and on your pretty hands. I want to spend my gold for you as a king would give to his queen. May I, Madeline?"

"Why, Jamie!" Madeline was looking up at me laughing, though her dark eyes held no hint of laughter. "Why, Jamie, you will turn poet yet. That was a pretty, pretty speech."

A breath from the sea, piercing cold, struck me.

"But you haven't answered my question yet, dear," I said haltingly.

"'The demand for something creates the supply,' you said, Jamie, but I don't believe it is always true—not in this case anyway. It is good of you to want to buy things for me, but I must decline, with thanks."

"But, Madeline, you have to work now, and I could do everything for you."

The little head was raised so independently.

"I am proud to earn my own living. I thought you understood me better than that."

The unkind breath of the sea struck me again, chilling my body even as her words made cold my heart.

"If you could change your mind," I began, "I could wait till—till"—

"Till sour grapes become sweet and the mulberry leaf satin," she smiled. "You would tire of waiting. But we won't talk about it any more. Now I'm rested shall we explore the caves?"

I rose at once and helped her to her feet. Without animation and almost in silence we looked at the different colored ledges of the cave ceiling, we saw the little sponges on the rocks, we viewed the curious coal tar formations, and then we took the narrow trail homeward.

"The day has grown so cold, Jamie, that it won't be pleasant to stay as we had planned to do," she said, but her dark eyes evaded mine as she said it.

I understood. It was not the change of the day that had come to us, but the change in ourselves, in our relations to each other.

Next day brought news of a storm at sea. The sun was shining, but the waves were running fearfully high. Standing in the door of my cabin, twelve feet above the sands, I saw it and realized my finish. My house and the house which sheltered Madeline and the other houses on the bluff were probably not in danger. But my dredger! When a man stands twelve feet above ocean level and cannot view the open sea because of the height of the breakers he clearly understands the fate of a gold dredger or any other object in its very path.

In the course of hours it was all over. Looking at the deceptive calm one never would have imagined the destruction the sea had wrought. I stood on the beach and viewed the wreck of my fortune.

Fifty thousand feet of lumber, which had once been the boat, lay scattered along the shore farther than the eye could reach. Ten thousand dollars' worth of machinery, which had been the motive power of the boat, lay here and yon in millions of pieces, burying themselves in the sand, while the work of brain and toil of hands had been as nothing to the sea in her madness.

As I stood there a voice came sweetly to my ears, and a hand was laid timidly on my arm.

"It seems such a pity, Jamie, such a dreadful thing to have happened, but I do believe everything that happens is for the best if we can only look at it right. I'm so sorry, but you aren't entirely discouraged, are you, Jamie?"

My pulse leaped at the sound of her voice. If I could have had her, what would I have cared for any other loss in the whole world?

"There are many worse things in life, girlie," I answered, smiling at her. "I shall do the work again; that's all. It wouldn't do to let myself be discouraged."

Then a most surprising thing happened. My little Madeline, with a wonderful look in her dark eyes, stood on tiptoe and raised her face to me.

"Jamie, let me help you start again. I was such a little fool the other day! You didn't tell me you loved me. You just talked about spending money on me, and you seemed so sure of me that I thought—I knew you meant it right, too, but I—I—the demand does create the supply, Jamie. The law is unfailing."

It was such a faltering little voice and such a delicious little pink face raised to mine. I kissed the trembling lips with one long, thankful touch, and when I let the little girl go from my embrace she laughed, though a little shakily.

"Would you rather have lost the boat, Jamie, and found your sweetheart?"

And I answered, "Another dredger can be made, but in all the world there is only one Madeline."

Breaking It Real Gently.

There is a man in congress who is renowned in the city he comes from for his imperturbable calmness on every imaginable occasion. They tell of him that one day he strolled leisurely into the office of a friend.

"I have just had a chat with your wife," he said by way of beginning.

"Why, I didn't know she was downtown," said the friend.

"Oh, she wasn't downtown," replied the congressman. "I called at the house."

"I didn't know she was receiving today," said the husband, with some surprise. "I thought she had a headache."

"She didn't mention it to me," said the congressman. "There was a crowd at the house."

"A crowd!" echoed the husband.

"Yes," went on the calm man. "They came with the engine."

"The engine!" gasped the husband.

"Oh, it's all right," went on the calm man. "It's all out now. It wasn't much of a fire, but I thought you'd like to know it."

Nation of Noises.

In China night is as alive as the day and is filled with whoops, noisy conversation, the singsong accompanying work, boisterous repartee and every other unmusical sound. In addition, the darkness is one long howl of dogs, cackle of geese, braying of donkeys, croaking of frogs, the squealing of pigs, the drumbeats of the policeman and even, as some one has said, "the singing of the stars." Individually the people are full of varieties of unsuppressed, violent demonstrativeness, and collectively they are only a terrific tribal turbulence. One most appropriate name for China has never been given it. It has been called the Yellow Kingdom, the Middle Kingdom, the Celestial Empire, the Pigtail Nation, the Sleepy Giant and others. No one of these is more applicable than the Nation of Noises. Noise is seemingly the first element of Chinese life and has been cultivated for centuries by Chinese talent, and in conception, development and execution presents not only new varieties, but scores of new species.—Cor. Montreal Standard.

Solicitude.

"Why are you so extremely solicitous about the preservation of trees?" asked the art expert.

"Well," answered the man whose tastes in sculpture are somewhat restricted, "it seems to me that trees are frequently very desirable things for statuary to hide behind."—Washington Star.

A DIFFICULT TERM.

The Word "Bourgeois" and a French Woman's Definition.

I am always embarrassed when asked by foreigners to give the definition of the word "bourgeois," which is generally emphasized disdainfully. The dictionary defines it as "common, without distinction." It is not exactly that. Bourgeoisism, like provincialism, is a mentality. It represents a kernel without the pulp and encrusted from the shell of the dinner pot. It is one of the props of society. Props are never beautiful nor graceful. Without it, however, the world could not retain its equilibrium, yet with it alone the world could not progress. It gives to individuals the impenetrability of a shell. One often finds its characteristics in persons who have received a good education, in those who possess superior culture, who have taste and a sense of beauty. It betrays itself by mean and narrow ideas, by implacable intolerance, by stubborn blindness and, above all, by an incapacity to understand liberty or to accord it generously. This mentality creates a certain atmosphere which is felt at once. The workman, the peasant, the artist, are not bourgeois. I could name a king who is much more so than many of the residents of our worst districts. Napoleon I. was bourgeois; Napoleon III. was not. Balzac, Maupassant, were not bourgeois; Zola was. England, Italy, Spain, are not bourgeois. Germany is, but her emperor is not, and so one might continue indefinitely.—From Mme. Pierre de Coulevain. Translated by Jessie Henderson Brewer.

A BRONZE STATUE.

The Model, the Core and the Pouring of the Metal.

"Immense pains and immense labor attend the production of a bronze statue of any size even after the artist has done his work," remarks a sculptor.

"To begin with, the plaster model has to be completely covered with small lumps of a special kind of sand, sometimes as many as 1,500 to 2,000 of these pieces being required. After these blocks of sand are dry they are taken off the model one at a time and carefully put together to form the mold. The latter is then filled with clay, and the same operation is again gone through, a facsimile of the plaster cast being thus obtained.

"Then comes the most delicate part of the whole work. The clay model, or 'core' as it is technically called, has to have a quarter of an inch taken off its entire surface, which, as may readily be imagined, is anything but easy, especially if the subject be at all ornate.

"The core is then again put into the mold—which has of course to be reconstructed once more—being kept exactly in the center by means of iron rods.

"The molten bronze is then poured in from the top, completely filling the space between the core and the mold. After it has cooled the latter is again removed and the clay interior extracted, when the statue, somewhat rough and needing a slight touching up, is revealed."—Cassell's Journal.

One on the Teacher.

Among the corps of instructors in one of Washington's high schools is a woman highly esteemed as a teacher of American history. The class under her care had under consideration one day topics concerning the civil war, when one youngster volunteered, in illustration of some point, a lurid account of a battle in which, he claimed, an uncle of his had participated.

The teacher interposed to observe that the anecdote could hardly be correct, as the uncle in question was near her own age and she was not born until after the close of the war.

At this the boy seemed a trifle chagrined at being so evidently in the wrong. After a few moments of embarrassed silence he said, with the naive air of one who has much the best of the situation:

"Oh, but, Miss Blank, I did not mean the Revolutionary war!"—Pittsburg Leader.

In Society.

The negro barber on a limited train running from an eastern city to Chicago was once shaving a man whom he recognized as a well known merchant of Albany. The barber worked with especial skill and was rewarded with a substantial fee.

When the barber was telling the other employees on the train of his good luck, he announced pompously:

"He's shore a mighty fine gentleman, dat Mr. Smith. Jes' as nice a man as you'd wanter meet. I's often been in his sto' in Albany, but dis is de fust time I's ever met him socially."—Lippincott's.

The Greedy One.

Travelling through South Africa, Mr. Dudley Kidd, the author of "The Essential Kaffir," once accused a native of being greedy. The native turned eyes of reproach upon him.

"Me greedy, baas?" he said. "It takes two Kaffirs to eat a sheep in a day, but only one Hottentot. Hottentot greedy, not Kaffir."

Encouraged.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Henpeck, "that I made a fool of myself today."

"Don't worry about it," his wife replied. "It isn't likely that anybody noticed anything unusual about the way you spoke or acted."—Chicago Record-Herald.

As a Missile.

"Don't you hate to grow old?" said the first egg sadly.

"No; I don't," returned the second egg, with a toss of the head. "When I become old enough I am going on the stage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Fate and Humpy.

....By Charles Calverson.

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"What does the lady look like?" demanded Humphries.

Colton regarded him coolly.

"I don't think that there will be more than a dozen or two ladies clamoring for transportation to the Twin Hearts," said Humphries' employer. "Even your benighted intellect might appreciate that fact."

Humphries nodded and turned away. Curtis Colton, owner of the Twin Hearts, was peculiar. Above all, he wanted men about him who could carry out brief orders without demanding an elaborate amplification of the same. Humphries had supposed that in this case the question was justifiable, but if Colton thought otherwise he had no comment to make.

He went down to the corral and hitched the blacks to the buckboard, one or two of his fellows lounging over to see what was up.

"Goin' to town, Humpy?" demanded Ben Tyler, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"No," said Humphries, with asperity. "I'm goin' to drive over to China to hire a new cook. What makes you think I was goin' to town?"

Tyler grinned amiably.

"You'd think he was the old man if you could hear him talk with your eyes shut," he commented musingly to Buck Myers. "By the way, I wish you'd stop on the way back and bring out some makings."

He tossed a silver dollar to Humphries as that worthy climbed into the seat and started the team. Humphries pocketed the coin with a grunt and devoted himself to his thoughts.

That something was doing up at the big house was clearly apparent. The minister from Silver Forks had driven over that morning, and now he was sent to Brayley's for a young woman, with orders to return her to the ranch with all speed. He grinned as he observed the brand on the flanks of the blacks, the twin hearts from which the ranch took its name.

"Ought to put a cupid's arrow through 'em," he told the blacks. "Then you'd look like valentines. Wonder who it is goin' to get hitched?"

He ran through the list of probables, but could not decide until the Overland paused at the little flag station to deposit a young woman and a trunk. As the girl raised her veil Humphries sprang forward.

"Miss Bess," he cried, a note of real welcome in his voice. "I've got the buckboard here."

He held her hand an instant in greeting and then strapped the trunk beside the seat before helping her in. The year before he had been working on the Circle Z when Bess Farley had come to spend the summer with her brother, his employer. Even then there had been talk of a marriage between her and Colton, but the gossip had died down, and it was supposed that there had been a quarrel. Now she was here, the preacher was here, and there could be no doubt but that she would become queen of the Twin Hearts as well as the heart of every rider on the range.

Humphries engaged her in conversation, supplying bits of local news and listening with an amiable grin to her tales of "back east." Almost before they knew it they had come to the gate of the ranch inclosure, and Humphries was about to jump down and open it when she laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Why stop here?" she asked. "Circle Z is only five miles ahead."

"Circle Z?" he echoed. "I thought you were coming here."

"Did my brother say so?" she asked.

"I haven't seen Mr. Farley in six months," he said. "I'm working here now, and Mr. Colton told me to go an' get a lady. I asked what she looked like, and he cut me off short, like he always does. I supposed it must be all right. You was the only lady to get off."

"I didn't know that you had left my brother's ranch," she explained in return, "and I thought, of course, it was all right. I wrote him three days ago that I was coming."

"I guess the letter's there at the house," commented Humphries. "You see, he went up to Denver about a week ago, so nobody knows that you're coming. Better turn in here. The Circle Z house is all closed up while your brother's away."

Humphries climbed out of the buckboard and opened the gate, driving the team through and closing it again before he climbed back to the seat.

"You will be better off here," he continued comfortably, "and there's the minister from Silver Spring to be your chaperon."

"What is the minister doing here?" she demanded. Humphries blushed.

"I did think he came over to do a job of hitchin'," he explained, "but I guess now that I was in wrong. Here's the boss," he added as Colton came out on the porch at the sound of the approaching vehicle.

It was a puzzled Colton who came down the steps to assist Bess from the buckboard.

"This was the only lady that got off the train, so I brought her," explained Humphries defiantly as he unloaded the trunk and drove off to the stables.

"I did not know that Humpy was working for you," explained Bess as the buckboard disappeared around the corner of the house. "I supposed that he had been sent for me, since I wrote Ned several days ago that I was coming. I learn that the house is closed up and I could not explain to Humpy that I would rather live in the closed house than here."

"You will be sent right on if you wish it," he said stiffly. "I sent to the train for a woman who is to marry the cook. He was anxious to have the ceremony over before the boys would find out, and I did not explain to Humphries who was coming."

"Quite a complication," she said, with a faint smile. "I am sorry to put you to the additional trouble of sending me on."

"At least you will stay to dinner," he urged. "I cannot let you go on before you have eaten. Dinner will be ready in half an hour. Meanwhile you can wash up and rest on the piazza."

He took her acceptance for granted and led the way to a spare room, where he saw that she was provided with toilet accessories. He did not show up until dinner time, when he and the minister enjoyed the meal the more for her gracious presence at the table. Colton followed her out upon the piazza at the conclusion of the dinner and stood beside her under the heavy vines that screened the porch.

"I shall send a man around presently," he said softly, "if you insist upon going, but, Bess, dear, can't you reconsider your determination?"

"I could not very well stay here," she answered indifferently.

"As my wife?" he asked. "Are you going to hold against me that one silly moment last summer when I lost my head and my temper and through that lost you? If you could know how bitterly I have repented."

"Penitence does not efface the scar of the wound you inflicted," she said. "I, too, have suffered, but I have taught myself to forget."

"And will you not forgive as well as forget?" he pleaded. "When I saw you at the head of the table just now and realized that but for my impetuosity you would always be at the head of that table it was all I could do to keep from crying out for forgiveness. Won't you forgive?"

For a moment the girl searched the eager face before her. It was a face good to look upon, and her own heart cried out in surrender, but still she paused. Then from around the corner of the house came Humphries' rich barytone. It was a "cow song," crude as to words and simple in its melody, a song sung to the cattle in the night watches to reassure the timid animals. She remembered that he had been singing it the night that Colton proposed, and a great wave of tenderness swept over her as she recalled those happy days of last summer. The white hand stole out and slipped within Colton's browned fingers.

"Since fate and Humpy seem to will it so," she said softly.

Squirrels In Missouri.

Squirrels are generally thickest in the lower hickory timber in the big tracts of overcup oaks. When these drops have borne but slightly, the squirrel transfers his feeding grounds to the willow oak flats, where an abundance of these small acorns makes up for the lack of other dainties. But if a farmer has plowed up a tract of rich swamp land and planted it in corn, then the gray squirrel feels as though the nut crop was but a very common diet and levies tribute day after day on the farmer who has had the audacity to invade a territory that has been sacred to him for centuries.

Gray squirrels are out stirring from the first gray of dawn until the hour of 10 a. m. After that they are not seen again until 4 p. m. On very windy days few stir about. During the nutting season they are very gentle, and during the latter part of January, while watching the mallards drop into the willow oak flats, they scampered all around us, and hardly a tree but held a band of these running varmints. Often they boldly returned within ten yards of us. In the fall they are more wary of man and make good shooting as they run and jump from tree to tree, as they seldom lie still and permit one to walk all around their tree, like the fox squirrel of the hills.—Forest and Stream.

Tobacco Tongs.

The tongs, the size of a wishbone, were of rough gold, studded here and there with turquoises.

"They are tobacco tongs," said the antiquary. "They date back to Elizabeth's time. This pair belonged to Raleigh—at least I have been told so, and who is there to contradict me? In Elizabeth's time they had no matches. When a man wanted a light, therefore, he took his tobacco tongs from his girdle and nipped out of the fire a redhot chunk of wood. This glowing coal, held in the tongs, gave a beautiful light. Tobacco tongs, as my pair witnesses, were often very costly and ornate. Of gold, of silver, of ivory and decorated with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and so forth, they were pretty trinkets to dangle upon silken coats. They are being revived now. Cigarette holders are being made in their shape. That is why I keep this old pair in my window."—Los Angeles Times.

Ancient Sweetmeats.

Some sweetmeats have for centuries remained unchanged in their composition. The custards and omelets of 500 years ago still remain unchanged. Again, centuries ago slices of apple, parsnip, etc., were dipped in batter and fried just as we make our beignets. In the fifteenth century "to mak payn pardieu" the cooks fried "payn-mayne or freshe bred" and soused it with yolks of eggs sweetened. In the cookery books of today we find "pain perdu" means slices of stale bread soaked in milk, then dipped in beaten egg and fried in boiling fat and served hot in custard.—Blackwood's Magazine.

GRATEFUL JAILBIRDS.

They Tell Missouri Governor Their Reasons For Thanks.

The following is a copy of a sketch headed "Why We Are Thankful," written by the prisoners in jail at Macon, Mo., last Thanksgiving day and placed in the hands of the sheriff with the request to let the light shine on it:

> Dear Governor—We have read your Thanksgiving proclamation with interest and will abide by your suggestions as well as we may be able in our limited environments. Although unjustly shut out from the world at present, we have much to be thankful for. The papers are not pitching into us and calling us hard names like they do Mr. Rockefeller, Senator Platt, Willie Hearst and other men with a larger measure of liberty. Our appetite is of the never-get-weary kind, and we don't have to take treatment for insomnia.
>
> We are not nervous concerning burglars and holdup men, and our diamonds are the least of our worries. Nobody comes round and tries to work us on wildcat mining stock or sell us gold bricks. The coal man hasn't come after his money, and we don't look for him. Snow, ice, sleet and wintry winds are nothing to us. We don't have to get up early Sunday morning and fix for Sunday school.
>
> Three times a day, week in and week out, we get beans, corn dodger and well water, except on holidays, when there's a double dose of water.
>
> In looking over these matters we feel that we are blest far beyond the common run, for which we are deeply thankful, governor. We feel satisfied. We don't care to get any nearer where you live, much as we like you. Your ways are not our ways, and we wish to be particular and lead a quiet, orderly life. Respectfully,
>
> GEORGE O'BRIEN,
> WILL MITCHELL,
> "LENGTHY BOB,"
> ET AL.

FAMOUS FAST AND FEAST.

One Preceded and One Followed the Civil War.

Queerly enough, both national fasts and national Thanksgiving were affected by the civil war. President Buchanan appointed a day of national fasting and prayer to avert civil war. Republican governors of states in some instances ignored it and in others took notice of it in a way to rub their ideas against Buchanan and his party into their proclamations. Democratic governors, south and north, under the form of an appeal to the Deity, cauterized Republicanism to the best of their ability.

As President Buchanan called the nation to prayer to avert civil war, so did President Lincoln call it to thanksgiving for victories in a civil war, to the end that more victories might bring union and peace. Of course, as Mr. Buchanan was twitted or satirized in antipathetic political quarters in the north, so was President Lincoln criticised and even abused in the south, where the Union forces were not in control. But as Mr. Buchanan was the pioneer in a national fast day and as Mr. Lincoln was the pioneer in national thanksgiving days it is well to remember that sectional conditions in a sectional war moved both and that the great national observance which we now have was born in the throes of fratricidal civic contention.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Murderers and Barbarians Barred.

A feast answering the purpose of our Thanksgiving day was held by the ancient Greeks in honor of Demeter, the deity who owned the earth in their eyes. The rallying point for this feast, which lasted nine days, was at Athens. All except murderers and barbarians took part in it. The fruits of the earth which seemed to please the Greeks most were barley, mint, pomegranates and poppy seeds. In addition to eating and drinking more than ordinarily, a grand torchlight procession along the "sacred way" to Eleusina was the chief attraction. The sacred way seems to have been to the ancient Greek what Fifth avenue is to the modern New Yorker.

Thanksgiving Decorations.

Tiny paper pumpkins make attractive place cards, or if one is skilled in the use of water colors a clever one may be made from water color board decorated with fruits or flowers. Tiny canoes of birch bark to hold the boutonniere make acceptable souvenirs. If one has not the time or talent to make place card favors very clever little papier mache bonbon boxes may be bought, representing roast turkey, mince pies, pumpkins or other designs appropriate to the season. Tiny wishbones polished with sandpaper and tied to a card are very satisfactory and suggest the kindly thought of the hostess.

Ragamuffin Parades.

But twelve permits were issued by the police of New York for "ragamuffin" parades through the city's streets last Thanksgiving day. Patrolman Frederick Kremmerbein of the bureau of information said that he remembered when 100 and even more permits were issued for Thanksgiving day parades only four or five years back. Among the best known of the ragamuffin associations which did not apply for marching permits were the Original Hound Guards, the Eagle Rangers, the Home Guards, the Mackerel Runners, the [illegible] Light Guard and the Slab City Barefoot Army.

Thanksgiving on the Continent.

Germany and Russia adopt the rather sensible plan of appointing Thanksgiving days when they have some special reason for so doing, though Russia hasn't had much to be thankful for in late years. In Hungary Thanksgiving days or something analogous to them used to be common, but have now passed away, except on rare occasions of national rejoicing. Then a horse race of a particularly exciting description takes the place that football occupies in the American observance of the real thing in the way of Thanksgiving celebrations.

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One Night In the Car.

By MABEL SYMS.

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Beatrice thrilled with excitement as the low buildings on the river's edge came into sight. To her the dingy entrance to the ferry house was the gate to the Hall of Fame.

She wished that Ben might be there to see the company start, but Ratsey, the ferret eyed little stage manager, had announced that none of the chorus girls might be accompanied to the train by friends or relatives under penalty of a five dollar fine. He was nervously pacing the cobblestones in front of the entrance every minute to make certain that the rule would not be broken.

On the block above the ferry house leave takings were plentiful, but the house itself was free of a crowd of weeping relatives and mournful "gentlemen friends."

"You are Miss Faber?" asked Ratsey in his quick, tense tones as Beatrice came up. "You bunk with Miss Stillings; berth 6, car 2. Better get right over and go to bed before the train pulls out."

"I thought I might be able to get a berth by myself," protested Beatrice. "I am willing to pay the difference."

"I have no time to make a change," said Ratsey impatiently. "After the opening night you may do as you please, but the management pays to the opening town, and you will kindly permit us to arrange matters. Miss Stillings has gone over already. You will find her there."

The magic word "company" passed Beatrice through the ferry gate and on the other side into the train shed. As the boat pulled away from the New York side she leaned over the rail and watched the receding city.

"I HAVE NO TIME TO MAKE A CHANGE," SAID RATSEY.

When she had graduated from the dramatic school she had expected to get a part with a Shakespearean company at least, but she had been glad to take a place in the chorus after the season had opened, and she found herself as far as ever from her goal. She had comforted herself with the idea of "working up," and when plain Ben Streator had begged her to give up the idea of acting and marry him she had made a chilling reply and a neat allusion to what she owed to herself and to her art.

It seemed rather different now. Being new, she had not learned the ropes and had applied literally the rule that no relatives might see her off. There had been no hand clasp at parting, and she had not even seen Ben.

Her fastidious taste revolted at the idea of spending the night in a narrow berth with a strange girl as a bedfellow, but there was no hope for it, and she entered the car.

The special car was excessively hot and without sufficient ventilation. The aisles were packed with girls in various stages of undress and noisy with their chatter. The car was entirely occupied by women, and the berth curtains were regarded as superfluous. The stateroom door was partly open, showing three of the principals playing cards. The musty odor of Egyptian cigarettes came through the door and gradually mastered the other scents in the car.

Two girls sat swinging their feet over the edge of upper 6, but the half of the lower berth was occupied by a girl who lay with her face to the window, her frail shoulders shaken by sobs.

"You draw lower 6?" grinned one of the occupants of the upper berth. "Bet you don't sleep. Stillings is homesick already. If she keeps up the yowling after the train starts we're going to have a pillow fight."

"You'd better sit up in the smoking room," urged another. "You don't want to get drowned, and Stillings is flooding the car with her tears."

"I think it's a shame to talk that way," declared Beatrice as she saw that the gibes were adding to their victim's discomfort. "You should be ashamed of yourselves."

"One of them Salvation Army girls again this season," chanted the tormentor from above, and the cry was caught up along the car until Beatrice was glad to slip off her things and creep in between the curtains.

The train soon started, and the noise died down, but the sobs continued, and Beatrice sought to comfort the girl.

"You have been away from home before," she reminded. "You will get used to it soon." Miss Stillings turned and Beatrice put her arm comfortingly about the other's shoulders.

"It's this way," explained Miss Stillings. "I've been on the stage ever since I was a kid. It ain't that, but this is the first time I've been away from Jim since we married."

"You are married?" said Beatrice in surprise.

"Almost three years," was the answer. "I married Jim Purroy. He's a leader. Always before this we got a show together. This year we couldn't make it. I couldn't afford to travel along with him. It would take all his salary for fares and expenses, and we're building a little home down on Long Island. We've both got to work until we get that built."

"But you have that to look forward to," suggested Beatrice.

"Three years from now," assented the other. "Maybe we can get a show together again next season, but think what it will be in the meantime. You're new, ain't you?"

"This is my first season," admitted Beatrice. "I studied for the profession so I could get in a good company. I want to work my way up."

Mrs. Purroy (nee Stillings) laughed bitterly.

"I had that idea once," she said. "There's about one in five hundred that works up to small parts. There's one Edna May in about a million chorus girls. I wish I'd had sense enough to learn typewriting. I guess you don't know how we live on the road."

"You can live well anywhere for what we get," contended Beatrice. Mrs. Purroy laughed again.

"You can live good on what you think you're going to get. But when they take out fines and shoes and stockings and gloves and things like that it's a different story. Say, Kid, if you've got a fellow that isn't on the stage forget how nice it's going to feel to be a second Bernhardt and get busy with a wedding ring."

Mrs. Purroy quieted down soon, but Beatrice lay awake thinking of her words.

This was all very different from what she had anticipated. Her parents were not rich, but she was used to living well, and the whole reality was very different from her anticipation. It seemed that she had only fallen asleep when a pillow bumped against her head and a voice announced that unless she wanted to miss breakfast she had better get up and dress.

The dressing rooms at either end of the car were filled by the early birds, and there was a long wait before Beatrice could get to the washstand, and then her toilet was accomplished under difficulties because of the laughing, pushing mob of girls that filled the place to overflowing.

She was sick and tired when the train pulled into Washington, and the girls were hustled across the street for a hurried breakfast. The breakfast was distinctly bad, and as Beatrice went back to the train shed, where the car had been attached to a way train, she was bitterly homesick.

Her heart stood still as she saw standing by the railings a man whose figure suggested Ben Streator, but when he turned and Beatrice saw that it really was Ben she gave a glad cry and ran toward him.

"What are you doing here?" she cried.

"I came after you," he explained. "I met Mr. Ratsey a couple of days ago, and it was he who suggested that I come over. He said he thought that a night in the car would be all of the stage experience you'd want. It will be all right if you want to come home with me. I have it all fixed."

"Home?" echoed Beatrice. "Ben, I don't want ever to go way from home again," and she smiled gratefully upon Ratsey, who stood by the gate regarding them with a "bless you, my children," air. "He was right. One night in the car is enough."

A Word For the Girl.

"An old customer of mine from the interior of the state came to town a few days ago," said a Philadelphia wholesaler, "and after leaving his order for goods he asked the privilege of sitting down to my desk to write a letter. I took him over to one of the typists and told him to get his letter up in good business shape, and the two worked over it for half an hour. Then the man came back to me with his letter in his hand and said:

"'Mr. Blank, this typewriting business is a great thing.'

"'Yes.'

"'And that's a fine girl who did the work for me.'

"'Yes.'

"'She made her fingers go like lightning.'

"'Yes, she is very speedy.'

"'Seemed to be perfectly willing to oblige.'

"'Yes.'

"'A very nice girl indeed, and I hope she'll get on. In fact, I want to put in a word for her.'

"'That's kind of you. What is it?'

"'Tell her,' he said as he lowered his voice and glanced over his shoulder, 'that if she'll pay a leetle more attention to her spelling she'll come out at the top of the heap. Tell her in a way not to hurt her feelings.'

"'But what words has she spelled wrong?'

"He held out the letter and pointed to a word and whispered:

"'The young lady got one "f" too many in the word, but tell her as gently as you can.'

"The word was coffee."—Pittsburg Press.

ARSENIC EATERS.

Effects of the Drug on the Styrians Who Make It.

"Eating of arsenic is common in Styria," said Alois E. Steinzierl of Vienna, a manufacturer of chemicals and drugs. "The Styrians say that arsenic makes one plump and comely and gives one strength for great exertions, such as running or mountain climbing. Styria, which is in Austria, gives the world vast quantities of arsenic. The manufacture of this drug is indeed the main Styrian industry. They who make arsenic eat it, as a rule, for they say that only the arsenic eater can withstand the arsenic fumes. These makers and eaters of the drug are comely. They have a clear color and look much younger than they are.

"The foreman in a certain factory told me that in his boyhood, when he first came to that plant, he was advised to begin to eat arsenic lest his health suffer from the fumes. He did begin, and his first two or three small doses gave him a sharp pain, like a burn, in the stomach, and this pain was followed by tremendous hunger and a violent disagreeable excitement. But as his doses increased in frequency and size their effect became pleasant. There was no longer pain or excitement. On the contrary, there were a ravenous appetite and a mood of joyous activity wherein the youth could do three men's work.

"This chap by the time he got to be thirty was taking four grains of arsenic a day. He looked at thirty, with his clear pink and white color, no more than twenty-three. He was as robust as a blacksmith. But he said he would die at forty-five or so, that being the age at which all the Styrian arsenic eaters die."—Washington Herald.

GEESE IN BERLIN.

Rigid Inspection of the Fowls Imported Into the City.

The traffic in geese at Berlin amounts to nearly $2,000,000 a year. As the domestic supply is wholly inadequate, a special goose train of from fifteen to forty cars arrives daily from the Russian frontier. Each car is specially built and carries about 1,200 geese. There is a rigid inspection by sanitary officials immediately upon the arrival of the train.

Should it be found that a single goose has died or been ill of a contagious disease in transit the entire carload is quarantined for eight days. If during this period of quarantine another goose should die, the quarantine is extended for eight days at a cost of about $500 to the owners. The penalty attaching to the bringing in of diseased geese makes the owners extremely careful to import only sound and healthy fowls. The geese, which are plump and ready for market, are sold to dealers at the close of the inspection. The rest, comprising the great majority, go to feeding farms in the suburbs of the city to be fattened for market.

There is a special market near the great market place at which broken-winged geese injured en route, but having no disease, are sold at a reduced price. Twenty-one different varieties of the Russian goose are commercially recognized, and the wholesale price varies from 44 to 90 cents a bird.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sympathy Leans to Legs.

"There is one appeal to charity that is pretty sure to be answered," said a philanthropist. "That is a request for an artificial leg. Legs, somehow, are warmly appreciated by the general public, and the fellow who has to scrape along without one is the object of sincere commiseration. During my fifteen years' experience in philanthropic work I have issued appeals to the people at large on behalf of persons who wanted various parts of their anatomy replaced. Some wanted teeth, some an eye, others a hook like Captain Cuttle's. Physical deficiencies of that kind aroused but little interest, but just let a man advertise the fact that he was in need of a leg and enough money was quickly forthcoming to fit him out with three or four pairs of legs."—New York Press.

Very Much Alike.

"See here, Pat," said his employer, "didn't you tell me that when you was out west the Indians scalped you? And now you have your hat off I see you have an extraordinary quantity of hair! You certainly told me so, didn't you, Pat?"

"Oi did, sor," answered Pat, "but Oi bear in moind now that it was me brudder Moike. It's that much we be aloike that Oi think Oi'm Moike an' Moike be me."—New York Times.

British Manners.

A man shoves past a woman on a staircase or he leaves her standing while he sits. He comes into a crowded public room with his hat on and talks loudly as if all the place belonged to him. His womankind do the same. At present the workingman has the best manners, the middle class the worst.—Lady Violet Greville in London Graphic.

Qualified.

"And is Willie Vanfeller really studying medicine?"

"Yes, and he's getting on famously. He told me yesterday I was looking well, and, by Jove, I was!"—Harper's Weekly.

Accounted For.

The Lecturer—Did you see that fellow walk out in the middle of my lecture? Committeeman—Oh, yes. He walks in his sleep, you know.—Lyceumite and Talent.

Industry is fortune's right hand and frugality her left.—German Proverb.

A PIECE OF STRING.

It Plays a Prominent Part in the Life of Japan.

Writing from Japan an American says: "You must come here to appreciate some of the quaint customs and usages which contact with other peoples has not yet driven out. To read about them gives you only a poor idea. For instance, did you ever know what an important thing a piece of string is here? The children, workmen, idlers, servants, all carry pieces of string for use in case of emergency. With us the emergency would arise only when a parcel had to be done up, but the Jap uses his piece of string as a first aid to the injured, to repair a rent in his clothing, to fix a broken down jinrikisha, to mend tools, to take measurement, and, in fact, the string is his universal tool chest. The queerest use to which it is put, according to my way of thinking, is when a police officer arrests a man, ties a bit of string about the arrested man's wrist and then leads him by the loose end of the thin hempen fetter to the lockup. You ask, 'Why doesn't the Jap crook break the string and find a gateway?' He could, but he would not. That's where his respect for the law comes in, and the bit of string holds the man as securely as though he were manacled by our own humane chilled steel, nickel plated and snap locked method."—New York Tribune.

DIRTY WATCHES.

The Reason Is Often to Be Found In the Watch Pocket.

"Why do watches get dirty?" said the jeweler. "You'll find the answer in your watch pocket. Turn it out."

The patron turned out his watch pocket, sheepishly bringing forth a pinch of mud colored dust, some lint and a small ball of black fluff.

"There's the reason," said the jeweler. "Watches get dirty because the pockets they are carried in are never clean. A watch pocket, my dear sir, should be cleaned out regularly once a week. Observe that rule and your watch's works will not get clogged up again.

"Another and a seasonable rule is never to lay your watch down on stone or marble. The cold deranges the delicate works.

"Never lay your watch down, in fact, anywhere. Hang it up on a hook vertically in the same position it occupies when in your pocket. Watches are made to lie, or, rather, stand, in that position only.

"Wind your watch in the morning; never at night."—New York Press.

Economical Woman.

Of small economies the following will be difficult to beat for smallness: A laboring man who hands over his weekly wages to his wife is allowed by her an ounce of tobacco a week. She buys it herself in two separate half ounces in order, she declares, to get the advantage of the two turns of the scale.—London Chronicle.

A Brutal Definition.

Knicker—What is a philanthropist? Bocker—A man who gives what he doesn't need in a way nobody wants.—New York Sun.

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Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Elizabeth M. North, late of Ceres Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to F. H. Raymond of said Ceres Township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

F. H. RAYMOND, Executor.
Ceres, New York, December 12th 1907.

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